

# Chatelaine



*the Canadian Women's Magazine*  
APRIL 1954 \$1.50

## **BRIDE** *with a* **FUTURE**

**Showers • Trousseau  
Wedding Reception**

• • •

**I Learned to Live With a Man**

• • •

**STORM CENTRE** *Backstage*  
**Close-up of the Drama Festival**

• • •

**Easter in Cuba**

• • •

**Your Garden in Spring**

# Family Portrait

by **CALDWELL**

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Ours is a handsome and distinguished family of 14 — 14 beautiful colours — conversation-making and eye-appealing, every one! Soft and subtle, or deeply glowing — these are good relations that will mix or match well — to bring new colourful beauty into your bathroom! All this — and the velvety, deep-piled texture and wonderfully durable quality for which Caldwell is famous!

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**DRY SKIN!** "I first used Noxzema when several of my friends recommended it for rough, dry skin," says vocal student Dodo Kimber of Montreal. "Now it's my regular morning beauty aid and night cream—as well as my hand cream."



**BLEMISHES!** "Before I started using Noxzema I was troubled with occasional blemishes," says lovely Rita Tennant of Vancouver. "That's why I've made it my daily powder base and night cream. I haven't found anything to equal Noxzema."

# LOOK LOVELIER IN 10 DAYS ... OR YOUR MONEY BACK



**Dry skin!** "I had very dry skin," says Shirley Carter of Winnipeg. "But ever since I started using Noxzema I've had no more trouble with dry skin. I use it as my powder base every morning, and apply it just before retiring. It's so dainty to use because it's greaseless."



**Sensitive skin!** "I had dry, sensitive skin," says charming Vern Williams of Rockhaven, Sask. "I used Noxzema as my powder base and night cream. Now I'm never troubled with dry skin."

## Skin Specialist develops new home beauty routine! Helps 4 out of 5 women in Clinical Tests!

● At one time or another, practically every woman has some little thing wrong with her skin. So when you're bothered with dry, rough skin, annoying blemishes or similar complexion troubles... here's a brand new idea!

A noted skin specialist, using one cream—*medicated* Noxzema—has developed a New Home Beauty Routine that proved remarkably effective. In clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women. Here is the specialist's 4 Simple Step Routine.

**Morning—1.** "CREAMWASH WITH NOXZEMA." Apply Noxzema all over your face. With a wet face cloth actually wash your face with Noxzema—as you would with soap. Note how clean your skin *looks and feels*.

**2.** After drying face, smooth on a protective film of *greaseless* Noxzema as a powder base.

**Evening—3.** Before retiring, again "CREAMWASH WITH NOXZEMA." See how easily you wash away make-up, the day's accumulation of dirt and grime—how clean it leaves your face.

**4.** Now massage Noxzema into your face. Pat a little extra over any

blemishes to help heal them. It's greaseless—no messy pillow smears!

After using Noxzema only a day or two—notice how the dead, dry cells on the surface of your skin start to flake off. Good! That's what you want! Try it yourself! See if you aren't thrilled to find your complexion looking softer, smoother, lovelier!

### Money-Back Offer

And remember—this home beauty routine was clinically tested by skin specialists! So sure are we that results will delight you, we make this sincere money-back offer. Follow the specialist's New Home Facial for just 10 days. If you don't see a noticeable improvement—softer, smoother, lovelier-looking skin—return the jar to Noxzema, Toronto, Canada—your money cheerfully refunded.

But you will be delighted! Try it and see why over 25,000,000 jars of Noxzema Skin Cream are sold yearly—why it's a favorite beauty cream of scores of actresses, models, professional women. Get your jar today—at your favorite drug or cosmetic counter. 21¢, 49¢, 69¢, \$1.39.



**Rough, red hands** are no problem for lovely Jeanette Horpestad of Vancouver. She says, "I use Noxzema as my regular hand cream. And it's my morning and night face cream, as well."

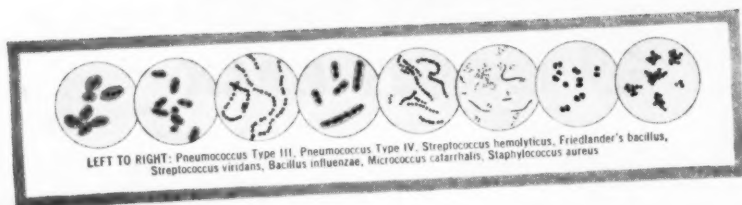
### Softer, Whiter Hands —Often In 24 Hours

Whenever your hands get red and rough from dishwashing, housework—try *medicated* Noxzema. In clinical tests, 9 out of 10 women showed softer, whiter, lovelier-looking hands—in just 24 hours!

Keep a jar handy! Every time you finish the dishes, smooth Noxzema on your hands. Remember—it's the dainty, *greaseless* hand cream of scores of professional men and women in hospitals all over Canada. Get Noxzema Skin Cream—use it daily to help your hands and face look lovelier.



When his germs hit you ...  
Look out for a **COLD**  
or **SORE THROAT!**



## Gargle Listerine Antiseptic— *Quick!*

**E**VERY day, everywhere, people with colds transmit germs to other people by sneeze, cough, handshake, or other personal contacts.

No matter what else you do, gargle Listerine Antiseptic early and often. It may help head off a cold and sore throat entirely, or lessen their severity.

You see, Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs called the "secondary invaders" . . . breathed on you by others or already present in your mouth.

It goes to work instantly to guard against these germs staging a mass invasion of the tissue . . . attacks them before they attack you!

### Real Germ-Killing Action

Clinical tests actually showed germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces of as much as 96.7% fifteen minutes after the gargle with Listerine Antiseptic . . . and as much as 80% one hour after.

Remember, also, that tests made over a 12-year period showed fewer and generally milder colds, and fewer sore throats due to colds, for those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day than for non-garglers.

So, at the first sign of a sneeze, sniffle or chill get started with Listerine Antiseptic at once—and keep it up.

Lambert Pharmaceutical Co. (Canada) Ltd.

## Home Was Never Like This

says the Girl from Australia in her breezy first impressions of Canada. Valda Marshall loves our big-name bands, thrills to hockey, dotes on jukebox music and pie a la mode. But she takes off her hat to that perfect specimen, the great Canadian male!



**L**ISTEN, kiddies. Gather around while I give you a preview of my next best seller, entitled Pocket Guide for Travelers. Especially travelers to Canada. Especially travelers from Australia. Like I was two years ago. Green? I was greener than a B. C. forest. Of course people are people the world over, and I've met stinkers and swells in just about every language.

But it's the odd little things that make the difference, and brother, I do mean odd! Draw up a chair, students, and listen.

Let's start with a mighty interesting aspect of Canadiana—the Canadian male. Compared with the average Australian male, the Canadian species is paler, and—if you'll pardon me, boys—carries a little more weight. He doesn't swim or play tennis as well, but give him a pair of skis or put him on a hockey rink . . .

As for clothes, he's superb. The Canadian male has found the ideal cross between the black-socked conservatism of English dress and the flashiness of American dress. The women will scream at this, but I'm sticking to it. The Canadian man dresses better than the Canadian woman. Oh, how I love those

diamond socks, those thick-soled bold shoes, those long-hipped one-button coats, those striped ties, and blue Air Force jackets. Vive le Canadien!

### We've All Got Jitterbugs

More Canadian men have more cars than Australian men. Which is only to be expected, seeing that up till a few years ago the Australian car industry was a baby. Imported models spell money in any language. My idea of a perfect date is a drive-in theatre (we could use more of *those* back home) followed by hamburgers at a drive-in restaurant. I like the way Canadians treat a car as a part of living, not as a luxury. I like the way they think nothing of motoring 20, 30, 40 miles out of town to go to a show or a night club or a swim at the beach. Gasoline rationing has got us out of that happy habit. I like the Canadian custom of hitchhiking. And as one who's hitchhiked cross country, let me also add I like car drivers who pick hitchhikers up.

Canadian dancing and dancers I found pretty much the same. You've got the same tired old night-club crowd jammed into a 10-by-10-foot floor, dancing to the same old tunes, dished out





## WANT SOFTER, CLEANER FRESHER SKIN?

**Here's A Modern Beauty Aid—  
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Here at last is a cold cream that does more for your skin than just clean it! It's Noxzema Cold Cream—an exquisitely perfumed cream that helps your skin look softer, cleaner, younger—gives your skin a gentle medication that's really good for your skin.

**Noxzema Cold Cream Helps  
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1. A deep-pore super skin cleaner.
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Try Noxzema Cold Cream! See for yourself how wonderfully clean and fresh your skin looks—how much softer and smoother it feels. Get Noxzema Cold Cream today at any drug or cosmetic counter, 21¢, 39¢, 63¢.



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**GET TWO  
CANS  
TODAY**



by the same tired musicians. We've got jitterbugs, you've got jitterbugs. You have your soda fountain gangs. We have them—but in milk bars.

Talking of music brings us to the juke boxes. I'd seen one juke box before I came to Canada, and that was in a fun parlor and rifle range on George St., Sydney. The kick I still get out of dropping in nickels and getting "Okay Louie Drop the Gun" will never wear off me, although Louie may. On my first day in Canada I discovered that great Canadian institution—the juke box that plays two and a (this kills me) half records for a nickel. I'm still trying to find out what happened to the other half. Why not two? Or three? The best part about the two-and-a-halfers, apart from their economy, is the fun you have in not knowing what's going to come out when you drop in the nickel. The disadvantage is to drop in your nickel on the last bar of your favorite song. Or, worse still, at the first bar of the one you hate.

You in Canada may be slightly blasé about big-time bands coming to town, but not this gal. After two years I can hang around a bandstand with the best of them. I still haven't got over the thrill of being able to see and hear (and maybe even touch the shoes of) people who were just names on a record to me before.

But I think the absence of touring big names has given a shot in the arm to Australian show business, because Australian orchestras (jazz and legit) are many—and good. In my home town of Adelaide, with a population a little less than that of Vancouver, we could always count on hearing some jazz group or other around town. Or go along to a meeting of the Jazzlovers Society and share in the fun of auctioning off records of the old masters. I can still remember during the war, when records were as scarce as cigarettes, watching half a dozen jazz lovers battling over a Dixie Land record of the '30's.

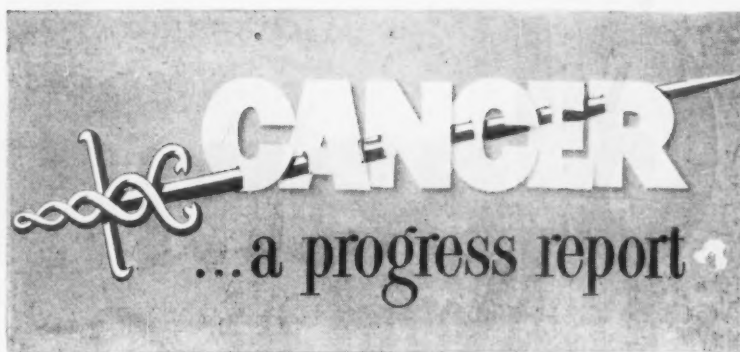
And, in the same town, if you wanted to fill in an empty noon hour, you could wander in and sit through a lunch-hour concert by the local symphony orchestra.

### Show Business in Bobbysox

While we're on the line of show business, I'd like to throw in a couple of brickbats with the bouquets. One is the absence of legitimate stage. Yes, I know about the summer straw-hat companies, the little-theatre groups who are doing sterling work, and the occasional Canadian play or show that has toured across country. But I miss good vaudeville—and when I say vaudeville, I don't mean a couple of third-rate acts from the States, fronted by some tired-looking chorus girls. I mean good vaudeville. Canadian girls are as gorgeous as any others. That they also have talent—and the men too—can be checked, I believe, by combing through the histories of some of Hollywood's and Broadway's top stars, and finding out the places where they were born. Places like Vancouver, Toronto, Montreal, Halifax.

I know, from personal experience in show business, that Canadians have talent. The only thing they lack—and the reason that sends them to the States—is the experience and polish that knocking around with seasoned old-timers gives them. Why can't they cut

*Continued on page 65*



## Medical science is now waging its greatest fight against cancer

As the research attack on cancer progresses, discoveries are constantly being made that offer hope of further gains against this disease.

Today, if diagnosed early and treated promptly and correctly, authorities say that seventy-five per cent of cancers of the breast, eighty per cent of cancers of the mouth, and over ninety-five per cent of cancers of the skin are curable. Cancer of other parts of the body also is being treated with greater success.

### Progress in new treatments

Doctors and other scientists are steadily working on the major aspects of cancer. At present, efforts are being made to perfect a simple, quick test to detect the disease early. One such test was recently announced. It is based upon the discovery that the blood serum of persons with cancer has different properties than that of normal persons.

Studies are continuing on the use of radioactive isotopes in the hope that

ways will be found to destroy cancer cells without harming normal cells.

Research on the use of specific drugs is progressing. Some drugs have shown such promise as cancer weapons, that authorities have predicted that the chemical control of the disease may be possible.

The part played by the body's chemical hormones in causing cancer is more clearly understood than ever before. This may make possible new and more effective treatments for some types of the disease.

Equally encouraging are the improvements in surgical techniques. Operations that were once considered too hazardous may now be performed safely.

Future progress in the fight against cancer depends not only upon continuing scientific research but also upon growing public awareness of the necessity for early detection and treatment.

### Your part in fighting cancer

In view of the progress being made by medical science, annual physical examinations are more important than ever in safeguarding against cancer, especially for those over thirty-five years of age.

Authorities urge everyone to learn the "danger signals" of cancer that are listed at the left. Fortunately, in the majority of cases, they turn out to be symptoms of conditions other than cancer. However, it's always wise to seek prompt medical attention should any of them occur.

There are still no "quick cures" for cancer. The only proved weapons which medical science now has against this disease are X-rays, radium, and surgery—which may be used singly or in combination.

As medicine's knowledge of cancer increases, there is hope that the time may not be too far off when the disease will yield its secrets and thus cease to be a major threat to life. Meanwhile, with today's weapons—promptly and properly used—authorities predict that an ever increasing number of cancer victims may be saved.

### The 7 "danger signals" that you should know



1. Any lump or thickening, especially in the breast, lip, or tongue.
2. Any irregular or unexplained bleeding.
3. A sore that does not heal, particularly about the mouth, tongue, or lips.
4. Noticeable changes in the color or size of a wart or mole.
5. Loss of appetite or continued indigestion.
6. Any persistent hoarseness, cough, or difficulty in swallowing.
7. Any persistent change in normal elimination.

**Pain is not usually an early  
symptom of cancer**

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Please send me a copy of your free booklet, entitled "There is Something You Can Do About Cancer" 40-L.

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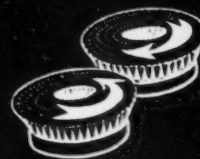
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THE G-E POLISHER takes the back-breaking labour out of polishing floors. Its counter-rotating brushes do a speedy, gleaming job on hardwood, linoleum and tile floors . . . right up to the baseboard, deep into corners, and close to furniture. Ask your G-E dealer to demonstrate this great new labour-saving G-E Floor Polisher, soon.

*You just guide...it does all the work—*



*Here's why the  
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is so quick*

G-E Polisher's two 5½-inch brushes are flat on the floor, and the full 16-pound weight of the machine is on those brushes. An electric motor eliminates all the back-breaking labour by whirling the bristles over the floor at 600 revolutions per minute. This rapid rotation of the bristles with 16 pounds weight on them makes floors gleam.

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# I Learned to Live with a Man

2,000 married women tell Mary Jukes why they believe that most marriages are not made in heaven

**H**AS ANYONE ever been able to weigh or measure happiness? Does anyone know the life expectancy of rapture? Can a girl or woman say of her marriage, "It was the fourth day (or the sixth week or the 11th month) that I got my first glimpse of his clay feet, his cloven hoof."

The magic but dense fog surrounding the state of being in love makes it almost impossible for anyone to say, "That was the beginning of our trouble, that was the first mistake." And yet, all of us, married or single, young or old, have an ear tipped for the where-and-why-for of husband-wife troubles, and how they can be avoided.

In searching for a few well-marked signposts to direct the brides of 1950, Chatelaine has not consulted the professional philosopher with his elaborate formula, but has been audacious enough to ask its Council of 2,000 women to discuss openly and frankly their own experiences for the guidance of over 125,000 Canadian girls who will make the plunge into marriage this year.

With the assurance that their identity will never be revealed, our members have discussed with great sincerity their views on marriage generally and their own marriages in particular. They have told us their philosophy concerning a happy marriage; the virtue or quality in a husband which to their way of thinking makes the biggest contribution to a happy marriage; the most endearing qualities; the single factor which contributes most to an unhappy marriage and the fussy or irritating habit they think tops the list as far as a husband is concerned.

In giving you specific words from authentic experiences of women living all the way from the hinterland of British Columbia to the farmlands of Saskatchewan, through cities, towns and villages right out to Newfoundland, you are not hearing from women of just one age or income group. Some of our councilors have a lot of money, others a little, some of them have had an informal education, others a very complete one, all of them have been married anywhere from two months to 30 years.

By far the greatest discovery made in comparing their words was that nobody's marriage troubles are extraordinary; that a husband and wife in Montreal can be disagreeing about the very same thing, in the same manner and almost the same words, as a husband and wife on a farm in Northern Saskatchewan. That the very thing which annoys you about your husband is annoying elderly Mrs. Brown in Halifax, Madame Brown in Montreal and young Mrs. Brown in Manitoba.

But how to cope with your marriage, *how to live happily with a man*, that is the question. Among these authentic experiences you may decide that this or that line of strategy is the one for you, but above all when you awake some day to discover that marriages aren't made in heaven, that no matter how much you want to believe it, two people don't become one, body and soul, after the ceremony, that there's more to marriage than just a *promise* to love and honor till death parts you, you will realize that thousands of others have had exactly the same experience and that it isn't nearly as shattering as you think. ♦

*Continued on page 63*

# Broken

by Evelyn Murray Campbell

**S**HE was alone. She had asked for it. The family had been told nothing, but they knew. Jeanne refusing waffles at breakfast; Jeanne shut up in her room; Jeanne with no sign of a Sunday date. She had refused to go with the family for a day at Aunt Minnie's in Dexter and they all knew that something terrible had happened.

The house behaved as if there had been a recent death. Footsteps crept along the hall and bath water ran apologetically. Her mother spoke through the locked door. "You're sure you won't go with us, darling? There's plenty of room." Murmurs about baked ham in the icebox; the car fussing in the driveway; her father telling everyone where to sit—all faded in a farewell squeal of brakes.

She was alone with Andy or with Andy's picture—not the same thing but all she would ever have now.

It sat there before her on the dressing table and she was glad that she hadn't destroyed it last night, for now she could really study him in a calm mood and discover how he had failed her.

It was only a blown-up snapshot but it was astonishingly lifelike and reproduced all of Andy's most annoying traits. It showed him in tennis shorts and he had been in the act of whacking her with his racket when snapped.

That was Andy. No delicacy, no tenderness. He would as soon lambaste his promised wife as anybody else, and she recalled the angry red mark that had lasted for a whole day and that she couldn't even show her own mother.

She gazed steadily at the picture, ignoring a dimness that blurred outlines. Even a furry print could not conceal the glint in Andy's eyes that had so often mocked and derided her. His black hair was wild and he looked more like a middleweight boxer in an off-hour than the player of a gentleman's game. No personal pride. He would as soon wear old slacks and sneakers as anything else. Everybody wondered how he held his job, but he did hold it. He had bought the lot where their house was to be.

SHE DROPPED on the bed and turned her gaze to the ceiling. Dark blue with silver stars pasted over it and in one corner a coy half moon. Now, with all her experience, the ceiling merely made her feel that the roof was falling or that she was shut up in the coal cellar. When she had insisted on that paperhanging she had believed in ro-



Illustrated by Clare Shragge



# Engagement

Two people in love . . . but with a different recipe for making marriage work. He made the same rules for husband and wife. She demanded a double standard

mance, but in this moment she could not recall that Andy had ever made love to her. He had simply squeezed her a little when they were dancing one night and said loudly enough for a dozen people to hear: "How about building a house for us next fall? A nifty lot came in today and I can swing it. Six rooms and a big patio. What say?"

Definitely no lovemaking but in some bemused moment she must have agreed or the ring wouldn't have been. Andy did not throw money away. He had produced the ring—the one she had returned last night, making her feel now as if a finger had been cut off—and they were engaged.

Until last night. With her mind firmly fixed on detail she went over the catastrophe step by step and it became clear why she had done what she had done. Various outrages had been growing like unseen weeds, but it took the introduction of another woman into their lives to bring them into the light. Marian Devereaux. She had never even thought of the woman as a menace until Andy brought her in, but now she could see that Marian Devereaux was exactly the person to appeal to him. No wonder he had treated her in an offhand manner. Perhaps he had grown accustomed to slapping women with tennis rackets, with such associations.

He had begun by breaking their Sunday afternoon date. "Something has come up," he said. "Mrs. Devereaux, you know—Marian. She wants to buy a farm and I'm taking her to see a property. She's going to raise ducks and keep a horse or two, and it may take all afternoon to nail the deal. You know Marian, don't you? Her mind is set on ducklings and it's an idea, all right. That woman will make a million with her own two hands. Her head is set on right."

She knew Marian Devereaux, who didn't? The widow. Sinewy waist, no hips, short bronze hair that only needed to be tossed. Any age from 29 to 36, with hands like leather and a face to match. Vital as vitamins as she strode along in cowboy boots and levis looking for ways to make more money, to turn failures into her own success. The joy and disaster of real-estate men who couldn't catch her napping. And now Andy was taking her on . . . or she was taking Andy! She

had made him break a date with his promised wife. A Sunday date!

They were on their way to the Boat Dance and Jeanne had on her new yellow organza. Her mother had sat up every night for a week to finish it and it was a dilly. She had thought of how Andy would love her when he saw her wearing it. She had thought—

A tire blew out. The car went off into a gully and Andy right after it. "Get the toolbox out—" he yelled and like an automaton she found herself with the horrible, greasy, 50-pound thing in her hands. She could even see herself, hypnotized by him, obeying his orders, and the moment of outrage swept her with a flash flood of revolt that swept the ring off her finger and into Andy's pocket, and all the words that had been stored against this very moment poured out when she had never dreamed that they were in her mind.

"I'm through with you. Get a plumber to follow you around!"

HE JUST looked at her and there was no glint in his eyes, but that may have been because there was no moon, no stars. "Just as you say, honey. It might be better to wait until you grow up. But this needn't keep us from going to the dance."

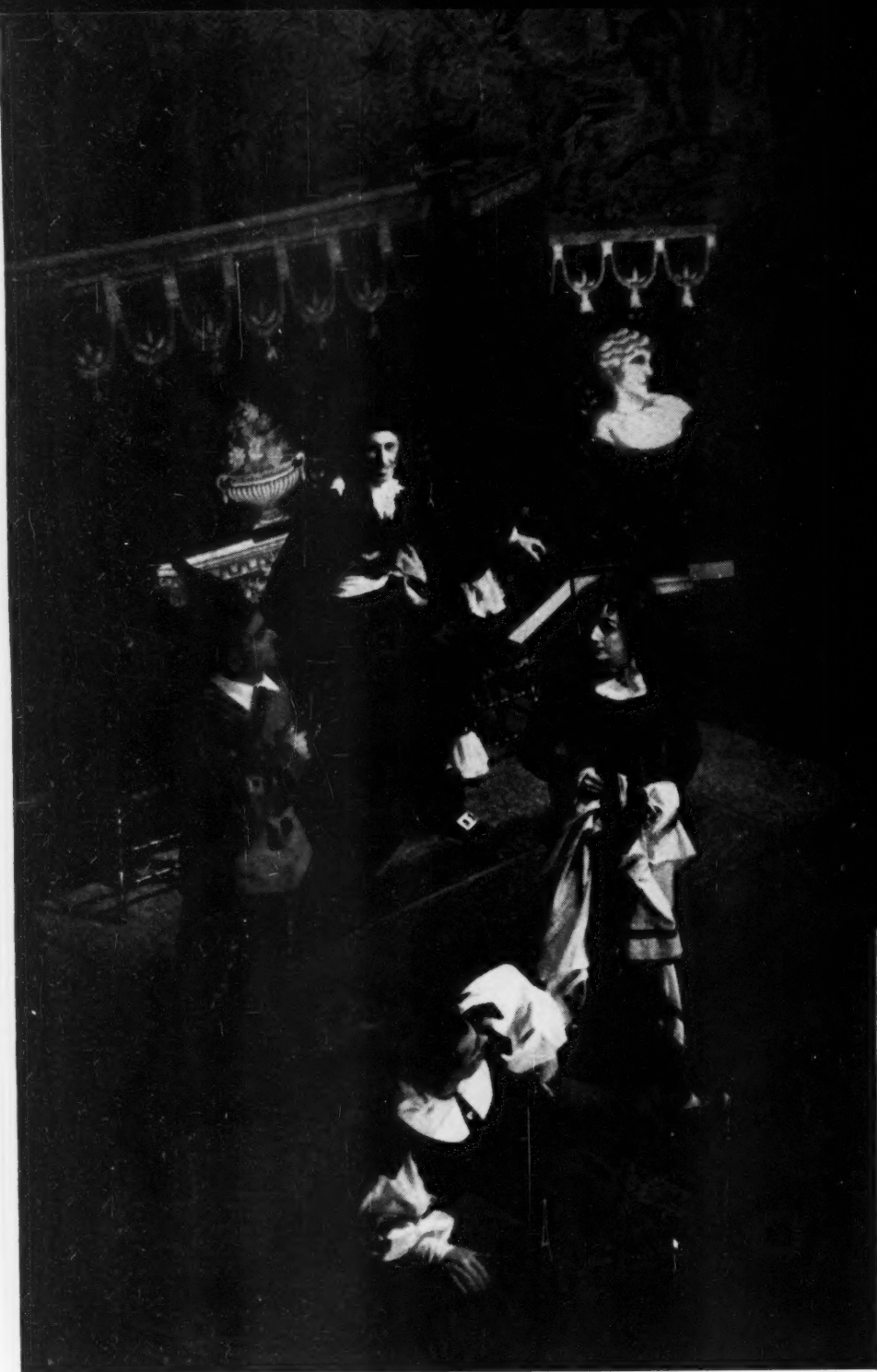
She dropped the toolbox and all the wrenches and things went skittering on the pavement. "Dance? I wouldn't—" But he gave a yelp and began to gather his silly precious tools as if they were gold pieces.

"You could have broken something," he accused, "or caused a wreck if a car came along fast. Don't you know better than to throw good tools on cement? That's why I asked you to hold them."

She watched him pick them up. It was their romance that was wrecked, but he never thought of that. He just left her standing there in her lovely yellow frock while he wangled the jack tenderly from under the axle. "All right," he said, folding it. "Now you can get back into the car."

That was when she knew where the moon was. It was under an angry black cloud that opened suddenly and poured buckets of water over the earth. In one moment her dress was a wisp, her hair flattened to her. + Continued on page 26

"Wait." She swallowed the knot in her throat. "Don't you understand that I never want to see you again? That you mean nothing to me."



It may strike you as sedate and high-brow. But take another look at the explosive DDF. Hopping-mad actors condemn its method of choosing finalists; critics pan its toadying to foreign judges; audiences mutter at programs heavy with drama; playwrights snap that it has no right to call itself Canadian till only Canadian plays compete

*"Plays . . . complete with historical accuracy and footnotes galore."*

# STORM

*The Dominion*

**W**ITHIN THE next few weeks Calgary, the wild West's Elsa Maxwell, dusts off the welcome mat for another big to-do. The usual rip-roaring parade, the cowboys and bucking broncos will be lacking, however. No one ever thought they'd see the day, but 10-gallon Stets will be outnumbered by high silk toppers. Yessir, culture's come to Calgary. For the first time, she's hostessing the Dominion Drama Festival, and from every part of the country actors and actresses, producers, directors, wardrobe people and stage hands—all volunteers—will pour into town. And adding to the throng will be boiled-shirt backers and inveterate theatregoers.

Seven days and a dozen plays later a single group of competitors will get the judge's nod, and be awarded the Bessborough Trophy, which is to drama what the Grey Cup is to rugby.

This year, as in the past, the raising of that kickoff curtain on Canada's week of theatre will spark debate and raise tempers everywhere. Somebody will be sure to disagree with the judge's choice, others will stand ready to predict the death of the Festival.





re.”

“Without ‘significance’ — last year’s winner, the American farce, ‘John Loves Mary.’”

# CENTRE

by Lee Montgomery

## n Drama Festival

For this seemingly lofty-minded DDF is the most explosive, controversial event in Canada’s national life. Compared to its fireworks, hockey playoffs and political name-calling pale into social teas. Listen:

Hopping-mad actors condemn its method of choosing finalists; critics pan its toadying to foreign judges; audiences mutter at programs heavy with drama; playwrights snap that it has no right to call itself “Dominion” till only Canadian plays compete.

### High-brow Midwifery

To create any controversy at all, the DDF must be important. There is no award in Canadian theatre more prized than the Bessborough Trophy. The dignity attached to the DDF as a social affair, the prestige resulting from country-wide publicity, and the recognition it brings aspiring unknowns all combine to make this “Oscar” tops.

When the Earl of Bessborough summoned 60 men and women interested in theatre to Govern-

ment House in 1932, he had in mind an annual competition which would raise the standards of small community theatre groups across Canada. Out of that consultation was born the Dominion Drama Festival, a first step toward a national drama. It was incorporated by Royal Charter in 1935, with the Governor-General as its patron.

Many of the present criticisms of the DDF may be traced to that high-brow midwifery.

It is felt that distinguished patrons are encouraging a pure art form that could never stand on its own feet as entertainment, that no real effort is made to interest a mass paying audience.

“There is too much talk of theatre as art, and too little talk of theatre as show business,” summed up Jack Blacklock, director of the Midland Players.

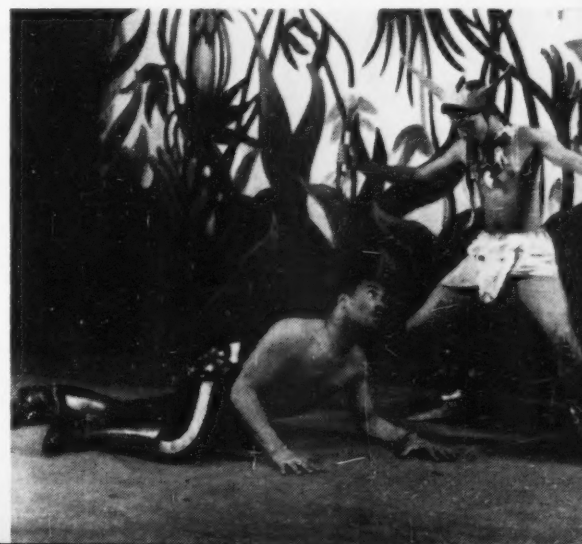
Glance at the program of last year’s Festival. It was a week of earnest, high-flown Canadian productions of Ibsen, Shakespeare, Molière, Racine and O’Neill. One group of actors—the Players Guild of Hamilton, Ontario—had the temerity to introduce a slick bit of Broadway fluff, the fast and

Continued on page 56



In spite of all the trappings of the legitimate theatre, “drama in Canada is muddling along incompetently.”

Photographs by John Steele







# THE STRANGER

Can a wrong decision ever be right? If so how great a sacrifice should a mother make to provide her daughter with the good things of life

by Audrey de Graff

Illustrated by John McClelland



*Corrie was smart—eager to live and learn. But just now she was reaching out for emptiness, mistaking it for something she really wanted.*

ANNA DAVISON filled a second dish of cereal at the kitchen stove and handed it to her daughter, Ruthy, who was eating her breakfast at the table by the window. Anna, tall and slim in her immaculate gingham housedress, watched her child heaping on sugar and cream, spreading jam on her toast, with no thought at all for her 12-year-old plumpness.

"Not so much, darling," she remonstrated lightly, "and you didn't take your vitamin; it's there by your spoon."

"That's Corrie's," Ruthy explained, with her mouth full. She raised calm grey eyes to her mother, swallowed and said more clearly, "I took mine."

"Corrie!" Anna called suddenly, "Corrie, you haven't much time, dear." She stood, taut, listening, catching her underlip with a small defensive white tooth. She relaxed when Corrie's voice called back, "Just coffee, mother, that's all."

"Oh, you must eat," Anna began, but Corrie appeared in the kitchen doorway, her belted camel's hair coat already buttoned beneath her chin, her brown-gold hair brushed to a high gleam, her lips carefully, neatly red. Anna, held in wide-eyed admiration, thought, "Why, where was I when I was 17?"

That was easy enough to answer, but she shut out the vision of herself at the glassware counter in Huntingdon's basement and concentrated quickly and humbly on her child. "You must eat, dear," she said softly.

"I'll take orange juice," Corrie conceded. She went to the kitchen window, stood there looking out, sipping her orange juice carefully, almost as though the air she breathed were a little different, as though there were not quite enough of it to go around.

"Do you have play rehearsal this afternoon?" Anna asked.

"No." Corrie still kept her gaze out the window, she spoke as though her thoughts were there too. "I'm not going to be in it. I've given up my part."

"Given it up!" Anna exclaimed.

Corrie turned to her, her voice still remote and disinterested. "I couldn't see taking the lead in the play and not going to the dance afterward."

"But you . . . you can go to the dance, Corrie." Frustration pushed the words from Anna's lips. She felt them tripping forth in disorder, scattering and losing force. "Just be sensible about the dress. Goodness, you've only worn it three times. And it's a good dress." Her indignant breath was wasted, Corrie was letting her talk. It was maddening, just to talk. She added, anyway, "I didn't work in Huntingdon's most of my life without knowing good clothes when I see them."

*The woman who emerged, smooth from top to toe, was dauntless. She had dressed with no thought of cost, for the price was her daughter's love and respect.*

Corrie ignored this. "Ruthy!" she exclaimed petulantly, "Stop stuffing like that. Look at the way that sweater fits you. It's horrible."

"You have had enough, Ruthy," Anna suggested.

Ruthy stopped, sat watching them, and Corrie, her voice warming just a little, asked, "Did daddy leave me any money?"

Anna poured her own coffee. So Corrie had asked Bert. He hadn't mentioned it, but, of course, he didn't have it to spare. It hurt him a little not to have money for Corrie, and she didn't want him hurt. He was a good, steady man, Bert. She thought of him, grey suit, greying hair, kind, mild features, nondescript perhaps . . . except that she loved him. She answered Corrie softly, "No, dear, he didn't."

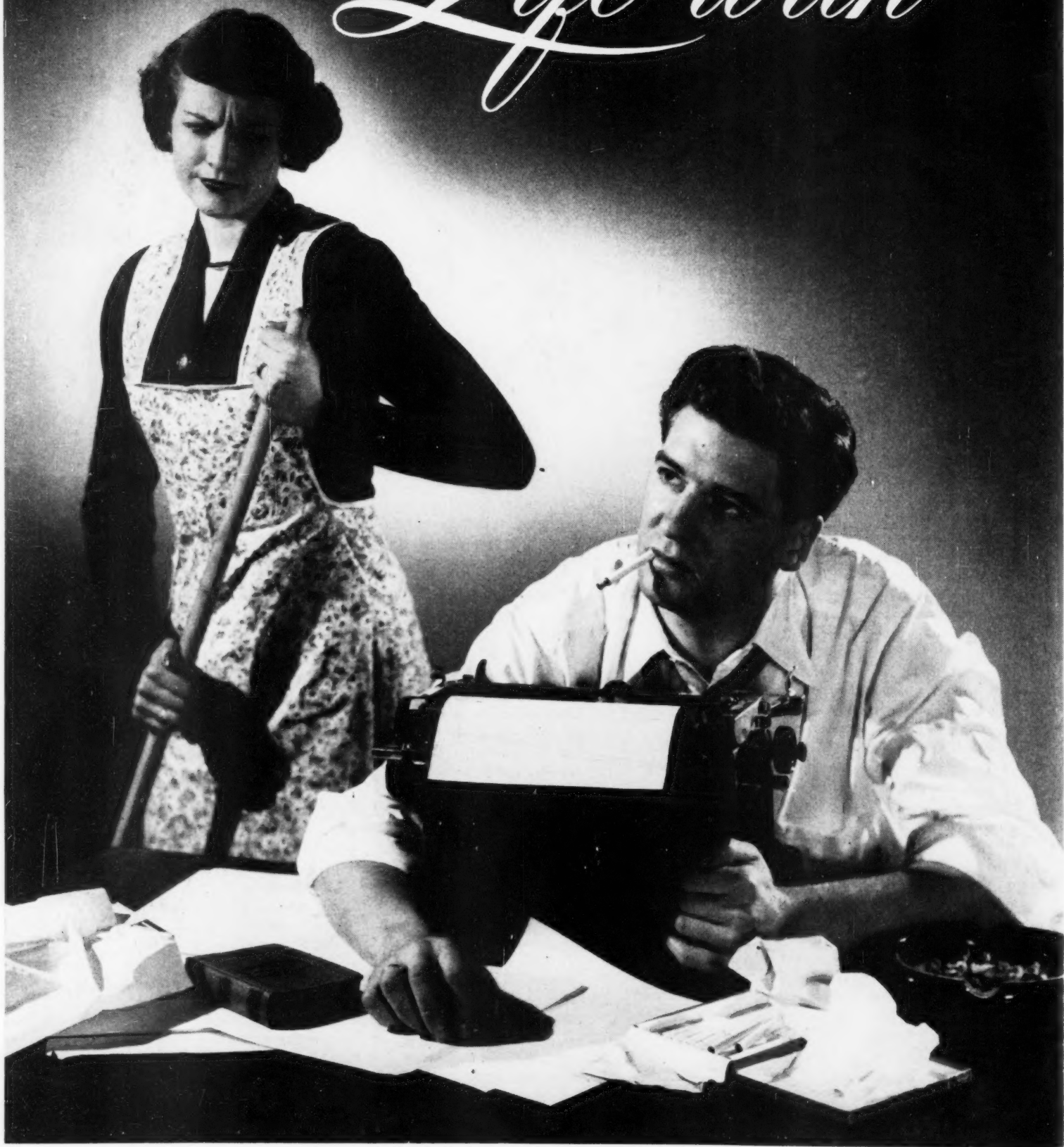
A SMALL FRAGILE silence touched them. Anna left it, but Corrie finally said, "Could you let me have some, about \$3?"

"I haven't \$3 to spare," Anna tried to keep her voice even, but it rocked a bit, like a sudden frightened churning within her. Why was Corrie being like this? She knew there was no money to spare. It was understood, when they moved out here to Fairlawn, that it was time her mother stopped working, she'd earned enough to buy them a home, she'd earned a rest. Yes, surely she'd earned it, Anna thought, remembering. Her daughter drew a deep cold breath and turned to the window again. It was what she didn't say that Anna answered. "Look, Corrie, there's just so much money. No matter where you go, you'll always find people who have more than you have. Just make up your mind to it. You have to give up some things to have others. It's a question of values. When we bought this house, when we moved out here from the flat, we knew we couldn't do *all* the things we wanted to, that we were lucky to have this much. And, now that grandmother's gone, I feel I should stay home with . . ."

"We can look after ourselves," Corrie said absently, and suddenly Anna had no words that were right, none that wouldn't come hurtling back to her, bounced by a look or a glance. They probably could look after themselves. But I want to be with you, she thought, I never have. I've worked since I was 14, I've never had a chance to really be with you. And I was tired, my feet hurt. But she had never told them about being tired.

Almost as though she knew and didn't want to be bothered, Corrie turned toward her. But she just looked, then she said sharply to her little sister, "Hurry up, will you." + *Continued on page 68*

# *Life with*





# A Minor-League Genius

**S**O YOUR husband's going to be famous? He's a potential playwright, poet, actor, musician or artist; and he's going to quit that dull job of his and make his bid for fame and fortune?

No more punching a clock! No more penny pinching! No more humdrum routine! In a matter of months you'll be wearing Paris originals and shuttling back and forth between a posh apartment in town and a little estate in the country.

*Brother!*

You'll probably fire a salute to your future with the popping of corks and cracking of lobster claws and beam at one another through the barrage. The day my husband quit his job to write, he took me to dinner at the most expensive spot in town, kissed me by candlelight, said that he was going to start a best seller right away, and asked me if I could lend him five bucks. That was seven years ago, and I haven't got it back yet. The best seller hasn't been written yet, either. I still think my husband can do it. In the meantime I've learned a lot of things about life with a minor-league genius. Believe me, it has nothing to do with Paris originals or country estates.

## Get Rid of Those Gaudy Dreams

I'm not being bitter about this. And I'm not trying to discourage you. I like people with big ideas. But let's get rid of a few of those gaudy dreams. You'll have a lot better chance of survival when things get tough.

First, don't feel too sorry for your girl friends who married dull, plodding, clock-punching husbands. Those gals have a way of turning up in mink coats, mink shoes and everything but mink lips, usually the day you paid off the Family Finance Company by arranging a loan at the Little Love Nest Personal Help Corporation. Punching a clock, remember, is an efficient way of seeing that everyone gets paid. At the end of the week comes a dull old pay envelope, full of dull old 10-dollar bills, and if dull husbands keep in there punching, the chips begin to pile up.

I remember when I told Gladys and Harry that my husband was going to be a writer I was as considerate of their feelings as I could be.

"Of course, it's just a gamble," I said, trying to sound as if I meant it. "We might—e-heh, heh—end up on relief for all I know."

As a matter of fact—e-heh, heh—we nearly did, several times. I'm not sure yet that we won't.

The last time we saw Gladys and Harry was the night they dropped in on their way to Saratoga Springs. Harry helped Gladys off with a grey Persian worth more than the down payment on our house, squeezed himself, chuckling, through our doorway, catching a solid-gold watch chain on the latch, bit the end off a cigar, spat it into the fireplace, patted his stomach and said, "By gad, kids, I admire your spirit—doing the thing you want to do instead of plodding along afraid to make a change."

That particular evening we didn't have enough spirit left to change our brand of aspirins. In the morning an editor telephoned to say he liked a page in the middle of a 20-page article, which he could use at the back of the book for \$12; the afternoon mail brought back a novelette with a note: "Too long, too artificial, too dull, too unconvincing, too bad, try us again;" and just before supper the credit

department of the coal company called to remind us that they had a new system of taking coal out of cellars.

Don't expect others to share your enthusiasm about your husband. Maybe he is different; if he succeeds, he can afford to be. Until then, your girl friends are liable to think, "He's different all right, and she can have him."

To the average business type, an unsuccessful writer, painter or musician is a bum who just won't take life seriously, consider his family, or go to work. Your husband will strengthen this conviction; to his type, clothes are just something to keep out the rain.

I used to picture a writer as a tall, pipe-smoking, tweedy man who was always currying an Irish setter or running a hand over a cleanly shaven white-pine plank. I've found that although a writer frequently wears tweeds, he leaves them on to puff out ashes and wears the same pair of slacks until he looks as if he's always kneeling; and if he ever runs his hand over clean white pine, it is securely screwed to a bar, where he is trying to forget that he is a writer.

People will not only fail to share your enthusiasm for what your husband does, they won't even believe that he does it. I used to imagine myself having a lot of fun dropping my little bombshell: "My husband writes." Instead, I've found that people look at my husband's coat, note that it isn't made of hand-woven cashmere at \$50 a square inch, run their eyes over the frayed cuffs and say with a cold little smile: "Writes what?"

## The Mad Breathless Bohemian Life

One man my husband runs into every now and then in a restaurant has been trying to get him a job for years. He asks how my husband is doing, absently listens to the reply, wipes his lips thoughtfully and says: "I heard of someone, just the other day, who was looking for a man." He thinks hard. "Driving a truck, it was—or something like that. Rough work, you know, but, still, a job."

The rosy aura that, from where you sit, surrounds your husband's work will appear a dull oyster-grey to your friends. Later on the colors will run a bit for you; but you'll be too busy with your husband's career to notice it.

Continued on page 58

**"The day my husband quit his job to write he took me to dinner at the most expensive spot in town, kissed me by candlelight, and asked me to lend him five bucks. That was seven years ago, and I haven't got it back yet."**





# Rude Awakening

by Frances Shelley Wees

A smart wife can find a way to turn the other woman out of her house . . . but it takes a touch of genius to turn her out of her husband's heart

ELLEN WAS packing the last pint jar with green beans when John came to the kitchen door. He said, "It's 11 o'clock, Ellen. Aren't you ever going to quit?" He sounded bothered.

"Beans take a long time," Ellen said. "You have to french them or they don't taste like anything." She put on the lid and twisted the metal ring as far as it would go with her thumb and fourth finger. She was always careful to do exactly what the book of directions said. "I've got to process these. It will take another 20 minutes. You go on to bed." She gave him a quick glance. He had on his thin dark look. "You're tired, John."

"I thought maybe you'd like to come for a little walk. There's a moon."

"Oh, moons," Ellen answered. She set the jar in the rack and put the lid on the pressure cooker. "I don't have time for moons when the beans really get going."

There was a little silence. "Or the berries," John said levelly. "Or the corn or the tomatoes or the peaches."

The kitchen door closed, and John was gone. It was too bad she couldn't go tonight. He hadn't asked her for a long time. But there was just too much to do. He'd have to look at the moon alone. The garden was wonderful this year and she was doing hundreds of jars of food. It wasn't that they needed such a tremendous lot themselves, even with three growing children, and the schoolteacher to feed; but the world was hungry and it was everyone's duty to help. There were always places for extra food—Christmas hampers to fill for the church, the poor families adopted by the school children, supplies for bazaar sales and Ladies' Aid projects. John had always been pleased that Ellen was never called upon in vain. His family had been famous in the countryside for lending a helping hand. It hadn't been easy, in Ellen's first few years as his wife, to follow adequately in his mother's footsteps. There had been less and less time to look at moons.

Ellen built up the fire, put the trimmings of the beans into the garbage can, wiped out the sink and went to look at the cooker. It hadn't begun to steam yet.

Ten minutes after 11. Usually Judith came downstairs for a cup of cocoa or a glass of milk by 11. She was too thin, tall and delicate-looking, and as soon as she had come here to board last April, Ellen had begun to try to get some flesh on her bones. It was difficult, because Judith was not interested in food.

She was a very good teacher and she liked this district so well that

*Judith said evenly, "I don't expect to be married, but if you want me to go . . ." She stopped and looked at Ellen, a long searching look.*

she'd decided not to go away even for the holidays. Teachers always went away in the summer, as fast as they could get away, and Ellen had been a little surprised when Judith had suggested in June, nearly a month ago, that she'd like to stay. Of course she was welcome, because her room would just have stood empty all summer anyway. And her board money would be useful.

She went to the foot of the stairs and listened. There was no sound in Judith's room. When she thought about it, Ellen realized that Judith had come downstairs half an hour ago and gone into the sitting-room where John had been working and reading. But she wasn't there now.

The gauge said the pressure was right. Ellen glanced at the clock. Fifteen minutes to wait. She sat down a little wearily and glanced round her sparkling blue and white kitchen to make sure that everything was in perfect order. Of course it was. She was naturally a very untidy person, or had been, but she had disciplined herself firmly until now there was no disorder anywhere in her house or in her life. This kitchen, for instance, was perfect even after a long day's preserving. The curtains were starched and prim, the glass cupboard doors glittered, all the dishes in sight were shining, and the row of pans hanging above the worktable were like new.

JOHN HADN'T seemed to be thinking about what sort of housekeeper she would be, when he had asked her to marry him, when he asked her to come home to his big prosperous farm with the lovely 100-year-old house. He had fallen in love with her at school, he said, because she was a little slip of a thing with silver gilt curls and eyes full of stars. He'd been surprised and delighted when she had made herself into one of the best housekeepers in the country, as famous now as his mother had been in her time. His pride had sometimes been a little frightening, Ellen remembered, because she had never been quite sure she could live up to it. She used to lie awake nights thinking of ways to improve so that he could be even prouder.

She was a good mother, she had seen to that; a wonderful mother. Her children were properly fed, trained in manners and morals, allowed to develop no bad habits. They were beautiful children, sturdy and strong and obedient, and John was proud of them, too, and of her for taking such care of them. Ellen taught them every good thing she could think of. All three of them, the twins Johnnie and Joe, and little Alice, had been able to read and do simple arithmetic before they went to school at all. All the teachers marveled at what Ellen had been able to accomplish. It had been worth while, although she didn't like teaching, never had. But John's children had to have whatever was best. It was partly for that reason that she always liked the schoolteacher to board at the house; it meant that it was possible to keep an eye on what was happening at school, what was being taught and how and why. Sometimes she felt a little distracted, trying to keep up with so much that somehow was not quite her own.

Continue! on p. 18

Illustrated by John Jones



Photo courtesy  
Cuban Tourist Commission.

This charming excerpt from the forthcoming book of Cuban sketches by Canadian writer Kitty Mitchell Hill is an eye-witness account of Holy Week which the peasants of Santiago observe with colorful pageantry and simple piety

**L**ENT WAS drawing to a close—not the traditional season of abstinence and repentance, but a typical Havana Lent with carnival dances and parades, like a prolonged Mardi Gras. Havana shops had been featuring fancy-dress costumes for the carnival festivities, but as Holy Week approached their show windows were filled with sport clothes for all the Cuban resorts, with such advertising as the following: "Are you planning to spend Holy Week in San Miguel de los Baños? Here are some English jodhpurs for the señorita; and for her brother a genuine cowboy shirt, exact copy of those worn by the Hollywood stars. Perhaps you are going to Varadero for Holy Week? Here is a smart yachting costume for you, señor; and for the señora, lacquered beach clogs with platform soles, and a satin lastex bathing suit." Society flocks to these resorts, and the humbler folk all go to visit relatives in the country. Everyone who can possibly do so spends Holy Week far from Havana, and consequently fails to see the repentant scenes which close the Lenten show in the shop windows. The dummies are stripped of their brassiere bathing suits, and their bare midriffs are discreetly gowned in black. Gay head kerchiefs are replaced by black lace mantillas, and waxen hands clasp ornate prayer books and rosaries. The repentant mannequins gaze glassily at the religious objects, whose price marks are turned decorously inside.

Weary of the carnival claptrap of Havana, we looked forward to Holy Week on our farm. Perhaps in our little village we might be able to recapture some of the old Spanish spirit in traditional Lenten ceremonies.

#### The Drama of Religion

In our village of Santiago the grand climax of Good Friday observances culminates after dark. Perfecta (cook and confidante) and I dressed in black, covered our heads with black lace mantillas, and made our way at dusk to the parish church, hallowed by the

devotion of two and a half centuries. The altars had been stripped of all ornaments, and the images were draped in black. The nave was jammed with villagers of all types and ages, elbowing through the aisles, some of them even climbing up to stand on the pews. Buzzing with comments, they were paying scant attention to the eloquent padre who was preaching so earnestly over their heads.

But it mattered little whether or not they heard anything, for they had come to see a drama enacted before their very eyes. Just as their European ancestors had thronged the plaza to behold medieval miracle plays, so now these devout descendants carried on the tradition of sacred pageantry. In trying to observe the spectacle through their eyes, I began to realize one of the patient lessons of the Church. For cold intellectuals the power of The Word, both written and spoken, may suffice to convey the Gospel; but for warmer temperaments religion may find its expression in more emotional and dramatic form.

Occasional phrases from the sermon pierced my consciousness: "farewell to His saintly Mother—the Mater Dolorosa lifts her tear-filled eyes—" The voice pleaded eloquently but unheeded; the contagion of this urge to see impelled us forward with the crowd. Against the sanctuary railing a painted replica of a stony ledge had been propped, to suggest the hill of Golgotha. A black curtain, drawn before the altar, served as a backdrop, against which loomed three crosses. On the smaller lateral ones were painted flat outlines of the two thieves. A ladder leaned against the large central cross, and a long white scarf was draped over its empty arms.

"Ay, señora," whispered Perfecta, "what a pity we have arrived too late! They have already taken Him down from the cross. See the cloth which they placed under His arms to lower Him."

"True, Perfecta," I whispered, "I do not see the Crucified One."  
"No, señora, but now they will — ♦ Continued on page 17



# PROBLEM MEALS? NO PROBLEM AT ALL

## SOUP!

...WHEN YOU SERVE



At Housecleaning Time...

Rugs up... curtains down... litter and confusion everywhere! That's the time for simple, easy meals! For instance: milk, sandwiches, and good big bowls of Campbell's Beef Soup! Grand, deep-flavored beef stock, with hefty pieces of tender beef in it, and plenty of fine vegetables, too! Hearty—and delicious!

SERVE Campbell's BEEF SOUP



For Washday Lunches...

Monday is definitely *not* Mother's day for fancy kitchen work! Yet she can feed her family simply and well if she makes good use of the soups on her pantry shelf. For instance: Campbell's Chicken Gumbo, an excitingly different soup in the New Orleans manner, thick with rice, tomatoes, okra, and tender pieces of chicken!... They'll all love it!

SERVE Campbell's CHICKEN GUMBO SOUP



Company for Dinner...

For dressing up a dinner, there's nothing like bright, red bowls of Campbell's Tomato Soup! And its delicious flavor will delight your guests... Made to Campbell's own matchless recipe from the world's finest tomatoes... table butter... seasoning. No wonder it's "the soup most folks like best!"

SERVE Campbell's TOMATO SOUP



When children fret,  
Or guests arrive,  
Serve Campbell's Soups—  
They'll cheer and thrive!

CAMPBELL'S ARE CANADA'S FAVORITE SOUPS

**Now...positively water-repellent!**

# Water won't wash away this new Glo-Coat shine!



**Never before!** Never before a self polishing wax like the new Johnson's Glo-Coat your dealer is now selling. New Glo-Coat's shine positively repels liquids!

**Now! No dull spots to show where you've wiped up!** That's because you don't wipe away the wax when you wipe up splashed water or spilled food.

**Now! No more hard scrubbing!** Dirt stays up on top of a Glo-Coat shine. A casual clear water mopping can swish it off. Glo-Coat's water-repellent shine still stays on—even after repeated damp moppings!

**Still! No rubbing or buffing—new Glo-Coat shines itself!** Just spread Glo-Coat on with a soft cloth or long-handled applicator. That's all. Glo-Coat dries to a high shine.

**Get water-repellent Glo-Coat today!** Be sure you get Johnson's Glo-Coat—no other self polishing wax gives a shine that water won't wash away!



S. C. JOHNSON & SON, LTD.  
BRANTFORD, CANADA, 1950

## Rude Awakening

Continued from page 15

no matter how she worked at it; but John was such a lovable person, so capable and successful and fine. His wife had to live up to him.

The gauge on the cooker moved up a little. Ellen got up and slid the heavy kettle farther back on the stove. Twelve minutes still to go. John hadn't come back in.

Suddenly the kitchen felt hot and confining. It would have been pleasant to go out and walk for a while with John in the moonlight. It had been a long time since she'd given way to personal inclinations and done something like that. She'd taught herself not to, because there was always, always, something waiting to be done.

She went abruptly to the door and opened it. The night was beautiful, black and silver, with moving shadows all across the lawn. She stepped out and closed the door softly. The air was sweet and still. It smelled of honeysuckle and damp grass.

She knew where John would be; down beside the brook. There was an open grassy glade there where the water ran shallow over the rocks. It would be catching the moonlight in a series of glittering patterns. John often went down there and stood watching the water. He would be there now. She would go along the path quietly and slip her hand through his arm, and they would stand in peaceful loving silence watching the water.

She went silently down the dark path through the beech grove. She came to the edge of the trees and stood looking for John. His little favorite glade was just beyond. For a moment she thought he was not there, and then she saw a flash of white at the left, against the dark shrubbery. She took a step forward. She stopped.

THE MOON sailed out from behind a ragged cloud and shone down clearly into the glade. John was there, but not alone. Judith was standing there with him, and his arms were locked about her and hers were clasping him tightly. They were kissing each other.

Ellen could not move. She stood in the shadow, cold and unbelieving. After a long time she heard John say in a low voice, "We've got to go in, Judith. This can't go on."

Judith stirred in his arms. She put her hands up and held his face between them. She said, "Oh, John, John, what are we going to do?"

"I wish you'd gone away."

"I couldn't go, darling. I couldn't go."

He took her hands from his face. He said evenly, "I'll go in first."

Ellen turned and ran to the house. She let herself in quietly and shut the kitchen door behind her. She stood in the brightness and perfection of her kitchen, with her back to the door and her heart breaking. After a little while John's steps were audible. Ellen made a tremendous effort and pulled herself away from the door. She walked numbly to the stove. She opened the petcock

on the cooker, without looking at the time. The steam began to run out. John came in. He glanced at her quickly. His own eyes were shadowed, not happy. He said, "Still at it?"

"I'm just through," Ellen said in a steady voice. "I'll be up in a few minutes."

"In exactly one minute I'll be sound asleep," John said. "It's been a long day." He went up the back stairs.

In one minute I'll be sound asleep, Ellen repeated to herself; and knew that something very like that had been said now for two or three months. Oh how blind she had been, how ignorant! Judith, with her books of poetry and her music, so ethereal and delicate beside Ellen, pink and hurried and getting plumper every day. Judith, with her slim pretty hands and her big dark eyes and her quiet ways. She had a lovely smile, too. It was her smile that the children had mentioned first, a slow mysterious tantalizing sort of smile.

Alone in the kitchen, standing in lost misery beside the window, Ellen found herself burning with the bitterest jealousy. She tried to put it aside, to look at this thing without jealousy. But all she could think of was, "This can't be happening to me. This can't happen to me."

She reached out a hand mechanically and pulled two dead leaves off the African violet growing in its neat white

pot on the window sill. She crumpled them into a tight little ball and went at once to put them into the stove. She heard Judith come in the front door and then go up the front stairs.

After a long time she, too, went up to bed.

It seemed to Ellen, getting breakfast after a sleepless miserable night, that John could not possibly come in to breakfast and sit with her and the children. He had gone downstairs, built the fire and then left to supervise the milking as usual. Ellen pretended to be asleep. She went down later and started breakfast. She put a crisp cloth on the table in the big bay window and set out the cheerful yellow breakfast dishes. All the time she worked her mind went over and over what had happened.

The children came down, Johnnie and Joe clean and scrubbed and fresh-looking in the blue jerseys she had laid out for them. Little Alice trotted down in her starched pink dress and backed up to her mother to have her buttons done. She could braid her own hair now, after a fashion, and was proud of herself. But it was usually not well done.

Ellen said, "Get the brush, dear, and I'll do your hair over. You've got the part crooked."

Alice looked up at her quickly, a faint cloud on her little face, but she said nothing. She got the brush, and Ellen took her out to the porch to do her hair over. As she was finishing, John came in with the two pails of milk for the house. He seemed preoccupied.

Ellen went back into the kitchen and managed to be very busy while everyone got settled, distributing glasses of orange juice from the refrigerator, making up about napkins. John had said a few

words casual other she co this fi the ta down deal o in her teachi  
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words to the children, and spoke to her casually. It was obviously to him like other breakfasts. Ellen thought that she could not have kept serene, not just this first time, if Judith had been at the table. But Judith never did come down to breakfast. She needed a great deal of sleep and always stayed upstairs in her room until noon, when she wasn't teaching.

Although John said so little, Ellen, looking at him with new eyes, realized that he was no more silent than usual. For months he had been growing taciturn—perhaps for years, little by little taking less part in their family life. The John she had married had been light-hearted, joking, full of eager delight in living. This John was not eager. There was no zest in him.

The breakfast sounds went on behind Ellen as she stood at the stove with the pancake lifter in her hand; the clatter of silver on china, the appreciative murmurs of the boys as they ate. "Mom sure can make good pancakes," Joe said to Johnnie in his clear tenor. "She sure can."

"She sure can," Johnnie replied. Little Alice said, "I like pancakes, too. I would like six more. Mommie, do I have to drink all this milk?"

"Yes." "Well, I don't want to. Do I have to, Daddy?"

John said, "You heard your mother."

"Yes, but do I?" Ellen turned. "There's no use asking your daddy. You have to drink your milk."

As she spoke, her eyes met John's. There was something veiled in his, something she couldn't read.

Alice said again, "Daddy . . ." John said evenly, "There's no use asking me."

Ellen stood for half a second, motionless. There's no use asking me. No use asking me.

She made more pancakes, filled the insatiable maws of the two boys, gave John and Alice what they wanted. She came to the table at last and sat down to her orange juice and black coffee. Alice looked at her mother's plate in surprise. "Aren't you going to have pancakes and bacon like us?"

"Not today," Ellen said lightly. She had spent half an hour last night when she went upstairs, looking at herself in the bathroom mirror. Seeing herself for the first time in years. Really seeing herself. Thinking. Her thoughts had not been happy.

But surely you could go about saving a marriage as straightforwardly as you did anything else that had to be done. A thousand things Ellen had mastered in the past 15 years . . . a thousand things she'd thought she couldn't do. Maybe intelligence and careful management could achieve results in a dangerous human situation such as this. Her eyes went over the children, resting on the identical blond heads of the two boys, exactly alike even to the placing of the cowlick on each young forehead; on sweet little Alice, so like John with her satiny brown hair and gentle hazel eyes under strongly marked brows. She had John's sensitive tender mouth, as well.

Somehow, Ellen knew, she must manage.

It would not be easy to use subterfuge, to wait and be calm. She wanted to burst into hurt and angry tears, to tell

John that she knew about him and Judith. She wanted to rush upstairs and tear Judith's clothes out of the closet, to throw them into Judith's trunk and tell the girl to get out of her house forever. But that wouldn't be clever. It wouldn't even be sensible. No, too much was at stake. She must be wise and careful. She must even try to be kind in her thinking of the girl, and of John, seemingly so faithless. But, kind or not, of one thing she was sure . . . Judith must go, not only physi-

cally. She must go in spirit as well, and that was going to take some doing.

Ellen finished her coffee and poured another cup. It helped fill the empty places but it was not very satisfying. She drank it. She said, "Hurry up, you children, I've got a great deal to do today and I want to get your lessons over early."

"Aw, gee," Johnnie grumbled, "do we have to have lessons all summer?"

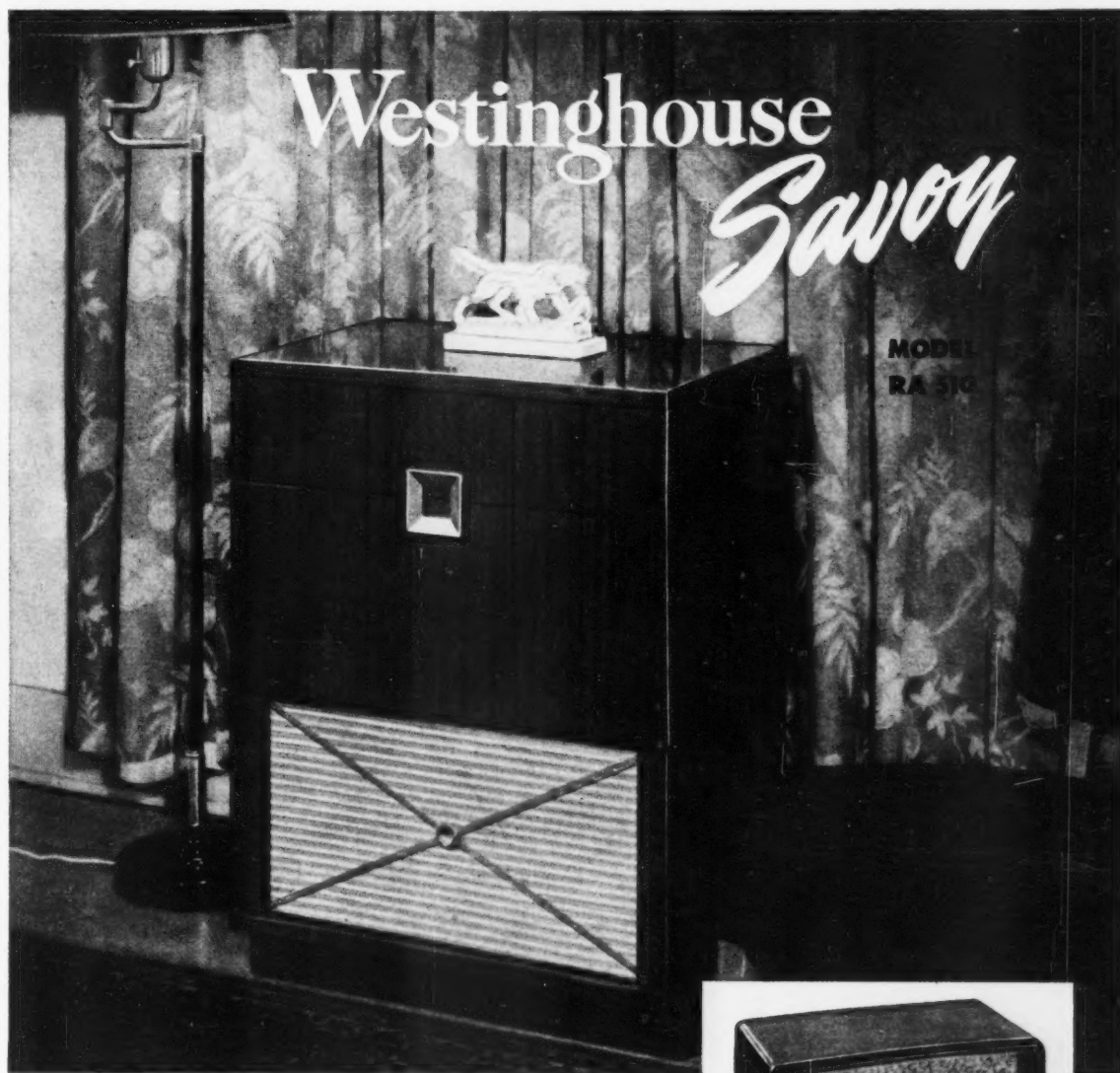
Joe said, "None of the other kids do."

"Yes you do have to have lessons

all summer long," Ellen said inexorably.

John looked at her, again with hidden meaning. He held out his coffee cup. Ellen filled it silently.

IT WAS three days before Ellen decided what to do about Judith. During those three days she maintained some kind of equilibrium, not betraying by a glance or tone of voice that she knew of what hung in the air between Judith and her husband. And it did hang in the air; now that she knew, she was



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amazed that she had not sensed it. They did not look at each other. They scarcely spoke to each other. They were overly careful to avoid any contact. But the air was charged when they were in a room together. It was painful to Ellen to observe what was going on. A thousand times a day her heart began suddenly to ache, and had to be stilled. She must not be weak or childish in this crisis. She must manage with the utmost care.

On the third day, when Mrs. Bramhall had arrived and was busy in the kitchen getting lunch, Ellen made up a breakfast tray and took it up to Judith, as she so often did. She tapped at Judith's door.

"Come in," Judith's low voice said.

Ellen pushed open the door. Judith was lying in bed, with her black hair spread like a cloud around her on the pillow. Ellen remembered what her own hair must look like in the morning, it was long and had lost its curl, and she wound it up most nights on green rubber curlers; so that to John, getting up to start the fire in the mornings, she would be crowned with tight green knobs.

Ellen said, "Breakfast. I made fresh coffee."

"That's awfully nice of you, Ellen," Judith said, and did not look at her. She sat up in bed, with her pink nightgown slipping down over one slender pretty shoulder. She pulled it up again. "I'd love some coffee. Oh, two cups. You're having some with me?"

"I thought I would," Ellen said, and filled the cups. She took hers to the low chair beside the window. "I wanted to talk to you for a minute."

Judith's dark eyes came quickly to Ellen's, at that, but dropped again. She waited.

"It's very sordid," Ellen said.

"Sordid?"

"It's about housecleaning."

Judith took a long deep breath. "Heavens. I thought ... sordid."

"Mundane, perhaps," Ellen said. "I hate to mention it, but this room has to be completely redecorated. And I'm not quite sure when to do it. When you spoke of staying all summer I quite forgot about the redecoration. There really isn't any other room to put you in while we do this one, and I wondered if you were thinking of going away, even for a week or 10 days. I remember you mentioned at the beginning of the summer that you might."

Judith stirred her coffee. Her face did not change. After a moment she said slowly, "It might be a good idea. Perhaps I might go for the rest of the summer."

"Oh, I wasn't suggesting anything like that," Ellen said, and hoped she was keeping the proper intonation. "But Mrs. Bramhall could work up here with me beginning any time now. It's sort of a breathing space between the vegetables and the fruits," Ellen explained. "So I thought you might have some place you could go to soon ... say tomorrow."

"Well," Judith began. "Well ..."

"If you were to go up to the city, to your brother's, you could perhaps do a little shopping for me. I thought we'd do these walls over in pale yellow and probably the woodwork too. And then I'd like to do new curtains. So you could choose the material you liked in the city and send it back to me."

Judith looked round at the cool grey-blue room. "I like it this way," she said.

"It's awfully dirty. I haven't done it over for three years. It must be done this summer," Ellen laughed. "You probably be getting married and leaving one of these days, and the next teacher would have to be decorated for ... if you hadn't come in the middle of a term I'd have done it for you."

Judith said evenly, "I don't expect to be married. But, if you want me to go ..."

She stopped and looked at Ellen, a long searching look.

"I have to get the work done. The year rolls round so quickly."

"You're so efficient, Ellen."

Ellen got up. She put her cup back on the tray. "Not naturally," she said. "You'd be surprised. I'm naturally a dawdler and a time waster. I used to do all sorts of useless things, before I was married. Even afterward, for a while." She caught herself looking at Judith's row of books. "I used to paint, believe it or not. With no talent. But I loved it." She went to the door. "A house and a farm like this are very demanding. I soon discovered that I had to give up all my notions and settle down into things."

Judith was looking at her thoughtfully. "Give up yourself, you mean? Your own personality?"

After a moment Ellen said, "I suppose it was something like that."

"Well, I wouldn't do it. I couldn't. It would be a very unwise thing to do, I should think. Because, after a while ..."

She stopped.

"After a while?"

"Oh," Judith said, "if you cross yourself out, everybody else has to do the same thing. There's nothing worth keeping."

Ellen shut the door quickly and went downstairs. She had not enjoyed that talk, neither what she had gone to say nor what Judith had somehow managed to say. The whole thing was part of a wrong pattern somehow, but you couldn't put your finger on the wrongness. She went downstairs and set the tray down in the kitchen.

Mrs. Bramhall was peeling potatoes. She looked up enquiringly. She knew Ellen very well. She had been coming here to work ever since Ellen was married. She looked at the tray and said, "It doesn't seem healthy to me, that girl sleeping all day."

"She isn't very strong."

"Huh," Mrs. Bramhall said. "You wasn't very strong either when you started this job."

"Wasn't I?" Ellen stood and looked at Mrs. Bramhall, with the coffee cups in her hand. She put them under the hot-water tap.

"I never thought you'd make it," Mrs. Bramhall said. "You was such a little thing, and so pretty. I never thought you'd turn yourself into another person, like."

"And I have?"

Mrs. Bramhall laughed. "Never saw such a change in my life," she said. "Never. Why, you couldn't boil water without burning it, remember? And you'd let anybody get away with anything. Remember? But you certainly learned. You certainly did."

"Yes," Ellen said. "Yes, I suppose I did."

JUDITH WENT away on the second day after Ellen's suggestion. John drove her to the station and was gone a long time. Ellen found herself watching the



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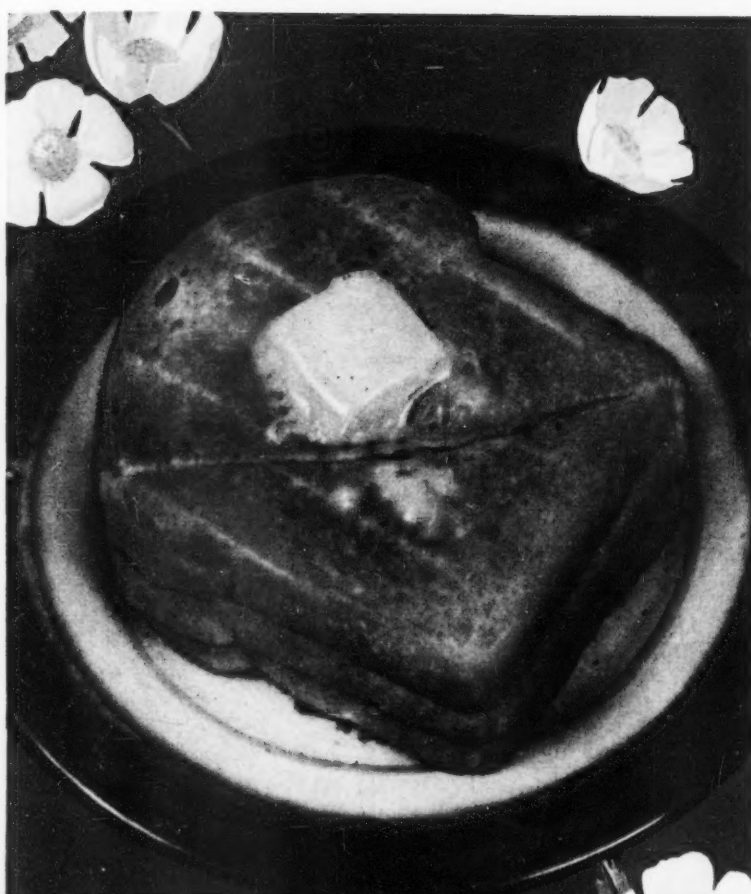
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road with a horrible dark anxiety. There was no later train so Judith must have gone . . . unless John had decided to drive her up to the city. It was only 70 miles. But he came back, two hours late, with the familiar dark closed look on his face. Ellen was alone in the kitchen when he came in. He did not speak.

"Did Judith get her train?"

"Yes."

"I thought perhaps you'd missed it and taken her on to the city."

"No."

Ellen scraped the cookie batter into the pans. She tried again. "John, what do you think of doing Judith's room in pale yellow?"

"Does it have to be done over?"

Judith seemed a little confused.

"It's in need of cleaning."

"None of your rooms are ever in need of cleaning."

"That's only because they're constantly gone over. But Judith's hasn't been done properly for three years. Anyway, I think that blue-grey is a little depressing. Judith doesn't look any too well. I thought yellow, or maybe peach, might brighten her up." She got the paint folders out of the drawer of the small kitchen desk. "Something like this," she said, and stood beside him to show him.

He moved away. "Whatever you like." Then, "Did you discuss colors with Judith?"

"She says she likes the room the way it is. But it has to be done over, John. You can't leave a room three years."

He shrugged. "I'm sure you know what you're doing," he said, and went out of the house. Ellen stood at the kitchen window and watched him go, and the hot tears came into her eyes.

AS THE DAYS went by after Judith's departure Ellen began to lose hope that her absence would make any difference in John. He paid no attention to her. He scarcely spoke to her. He never touched her. In the earlier days of their marriage he hadn't been able to stay away from her. When she stood at some homely task such as washing dishes he would come up behind her, slip his arms around her and kiss the tip of her ear or the hollow of her throat. He hated to be away from her for an hour, for a day. He wanted her with him everywhere. When he had to go away buying cattle or selling grain he telephoned her every evening. Now there was nothing between them; nothing but Ellen's love reaching out to him with no response. Indeed, there was something worse than no response. There was almost repulsion in his manner toward her.

They still slept in the same bedroom, but they slept there as strangers. John had begun to undress in the bathroom, as if he did not like any longer to show any intimacy with her. It had taken Ellen several nights to realize what was happening; when she did realize how far apart they had grown, how hopeless it seemed to think of him as her beloved husband, she lay shivering night after night in the coldest sort of panic. Not to know what he was thinking and planning about his own life, about Judith, was heartbreaking.

One night Ellen could bear it no longer. They were both in bed with the light turned out, but neither was asleep. John turned and tossed in his bed and Ellen lay still in hers, trying

to think. At last, almost involuntarily, she slipped out of bed and went across to him. She sat on the edge and put her hand out to touch his, locked together above his breast.

"John."

He stiffened at her touch. "Yes?"

"You . . . you haven't told me that anything was wrong. But you're not yourself any more. I mean . . . we seem to be so far apart."

After a moment he said, "Yes."

"It isn't my fault, darling. I don't want us to be apart."

He stirred restlessly. He did not answer.

"I do everything I can, John. Everything."

"Yes," he said flatly.

"You know I've not had a thought except for you since we were married. I've loved you and worked for you and the children, haven't I?"

"Every minute."

Her heart lightened a little in spite of the tone. She thought, "He knows I have. He just doesn't want to face it. I mustn't mention Judith. Maybe he's feeling guilty about her. I must pretend there is nothing between them." She said, "Is there anything I can do to make you feel better, darling?"

There was a silence. Then he said harshly, "Yes. Go back to bed."

Ellen sat frozen. He pulled his hands from under hers and turned on his side. He drew the sheet up over his chin. After a minute Ellen got up and went blindly back to her own bed.

ONE NIGHT after dinner she took the coffee tray out to the porch where John sat watching the three children racing each other in and out of the evening shadows. She sat down in her own chair and heard herself say suddenly, "John, I can't stand this any longer. I'm going crazy."

He turned his head. He looked at her directly, as he so rarely did now. "Can't stand what any longer?"

After a moment she said, "I know about you and Judith."

He went on looking at her. He said, "What do you know about me and Judith?"

"I know you're in love with her."

"How do you know that?"

"I saw you with her."

After a moment, "The night you were too busy to come for a walk with me?"

"Yes."

"I see." He leaned back in his chair and folded his arms. "And you said nothing? It meant nothing to you?"

"It means everything to me."

His dark brows were quizzical. "You've not been showing any concern."

"Would it have helped if I had wept and accused you?"

He set his jaw. "Not a bit."

"We can't go on like this."

"Like what?"

"Not loving each other . . . not even being friends. I can't bear it."

He said coldly, "I haven't loved you for a long time."

The blow was heavy, even if she had prepared herself. "I don't know why. I don't know what happened. Except that Judith . . ."

"Judith has nothing to do with what is lost between you and me. Nothing."

"Then what has? What happened? What have I done?"

He got up abruptly. "I could talk from now until doomsday and you still



wouldn't know. If you could understand you'd already know. And it probably wouldn't have happened. So there's no use talking." He ran a quick hand over his hair. He said, "I've been trying to make up my mind about a few things. I'm going to take the car and go away for a few days. I'm not sure when I'll be back."

Ellen said under her breath, "Where are you going?"

"I'll decide that."

"What . . . what about the children? What shall I tell them?"

"Whatever you like. It isn't the first time I've been away. It very likely," he said grimly, "won't be the last."

On the threat he was gone. He slept on the living room couch, and in the morning Ellen heard the car start very early. She turned her face to her pillow and wept wildly, her first real tears.

JOHN CAME HOME on the fourth morning, driving the heavy car up to the garage and coming to the house to leave his bag and change his clothes. Ellen saw him drive in. She was making beds. She ran up the attic stairs and watched him put the car away and stand talking for a few minutes to Mr. Bramhall, left in charge in his absence. He came to the house, but she stayed in the attic until he had gone again. His face was tense and his shoulders were stiff. He walked quickly, restlessly.

Ellen sat down slowly on John's grandmother's old brass-bound trunk and went on with her thinking. Her thinking was clear enough now. Maybe there were places in it where John didn't show up as strongly as a man might, but she put that aside. She knew now what the trouble was. She knew. Maybe she had always known, deep in her heart. But she had been so proud of the things she could do, so proud. And at first, for years, John had been proud too. He wanted to show her off everywhere, his clever pretty wife, so small and doll-like, so capable, so miraculously capable. He had increased her pride in herself. Gradually, over the years, she had got to be bigger than he was, and now he was nothing. "It's no use asking me," he had said with flat bitterness. He was the father of the family, but he knew it was no use asking him anything, not when she was around.

"I didn't mean to do it," Ellen whispered to herself, alone in the attic. "I didn't mean to do it. It wasn't that I was sparing myself, I never did that."

The question she had been trying to answer all night was real to her now. The answer was real, too. She went down the attic stairs. When she came to her bedroom door she went in and knelt down beside the bed for a minute. What she had to do was very bitter, but it had to be done.

She went out the back door and down to the barn. John was there alone, in the wide driveway against the mow. He was sitting on the oat bin, just sitting staring at the floor.

"John."

He looked up. His face darkened.

She went over and sat down beside him. "I have something to say," she said.

"I imagine you have."

"It's not about your being away. Perhaps you went to see Judith. That isn't what I want to talk about. It's something deeper."

His face was surprised. "That's a

remarkable statement for you to make, isn't it?"

"Is it?"

"I didn't suppose that a woman would think anything was more important than having her husband go to see another woman under these present circumstances."

He looked like little Johnnie in a rage, sullen and stubborn. Ellen's heart ached for him. Probably he didn't know what was really troubling him, as she did.

Some of it she would never tell him.

She said gently, "This is more important. I just want to say that . . . I give up, darling. That's all."

"And what do you mean by that?"

"John, hush. Be yourself, your old self. I'm not pushing or managing or trying to get anything for myself. I'm just saying . . . I give up. This is all too big for me and I can't manage it. I don't know how. That's what I've discovered lately."

"You've found something you don't think you're good at?" he said incredulously.

"The trouble is," Ellen said slowly, "I haven't found anything I *am* really good at. Not truly good, using myself as I am, accepting myself and being happy. I've been forcing myself to do dozens of things I don't feel are mine to do. I've been stopping myself from doing all sorts of things that are mine. I'm sorry I've been so stupid. I'm going

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to stop now. I'm going to stop trying to be your mother and your sisters and the world's champion farm housewife and be me, Ellen Carmichael, again. I'm going to take lots of time doing it, too, so that if we stay together you may as well be prepared."

His eyes rested on hers, startled. "Don't you want to stay here, Ellen. With me?"

After a minute she said in a low voice, "Not unless you want me. Really want me. That's what I'm trying to say. I give up. I'm going to say nothing about what you do. It wouldn't do any good. It's the thing you hate. I see that now."

"If I thought you really meant this—and you certainly have thought it through—I could look forward to life with some sort of hope. As it is I feel trapped. It's not living, what goes on in our house. It's a kind of mechanical breathing, that's about all. I don't like it for me or for the children."

"Why didn't you tell me what was happening? Why didn't you stop me?"

"Maybe I loved you too much," he said grimly. "Maybe I didn't see what was happening until the thing was done. I don't like the sort of person you've turned into. I hate it. I didn't realize . . . that the other one was still alive. I used to think that you were a loving, giving, accepting person. You were, too, when I met you. I suppose down underneath you still are." He stopped. "Maybe I haven't tried very hard to understand," he said slowly. "Maybe I haven't."

She did not answer.

He came back and sat down beside her. His face was lined. "I'll tell you something," he said. "I went to see Judith, yes. But for a purpose quite different than you imagine. I went to tell her that she was not to come back here again. Not to our house. Not to this school. I'm not in love with Judith. I never was. But I found myself not in love with you, either. You know that." His face flushed suddenly. "Judith isn't as . . . she isn't quite what you think she is," he said with difficulty. "There's a kind of hunger in her, the sort of thing that knocks a man off his balance. I was afraid of it from the beginning. It isn't anything I want. She's had trouble with men all her life. She isn't deliberate, or in any sense evil. She's just there."

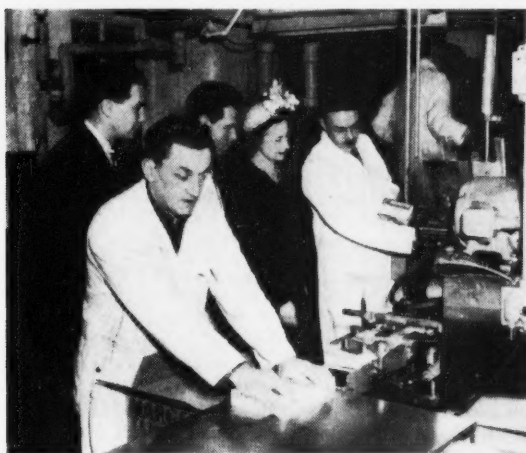
Ellen's eyes searched his face. "You mean you don't want to marry her?"

"No. Never. I've been wanting her out of here almost since she came." He stopped. "Anyway, how can I marry her when I'm married to you?"

Ellen's throat hurt. She said, "Are you married to me?"

He came to her and took her elbows in his firm warm hands. He said, "I'm married to Ellen Carmichael. I always shall be. To think of having lost her—that's what's been killing me. I couldn't bear to see her go. I'm—there's no doubt about it. I'm certainly married to Ellen Carmichael."

Ellen managed a good stout smile. She said staunchly, "That's me, darling. I'm Ellen Carmichael." +



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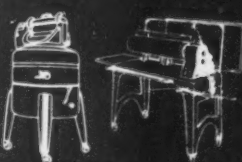
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**Two Convenient Forms:** Bon Ami Powder in the sifter-top can, and handy, long-lasting Bon Ami Cake.

# BON AMI

"hasn't scratched yet!"



## Broken Engagement

Continued from page 7

head, even her flowers beaten to death. She must have practically disappeared but he found her and with the flat of his hand pushed her into the car. "You want to stand there and drown?" He was yelping again but beaming in the next breath. "Golly, how the farmers will love this. It'll just about save the corn."

He took her home. Her parents were playing bridge next door and the kids were downstairs in the playroom with some of their kind so that they got to the door unnoticed in the pouring rain. He said that it was no use getting umbrellas and raincoats when she was as wet as if she had been dipped in the river, and after all, it was only a summer shower, warm as boiled milk, and she went in the pool every day, didn't she? But be sure and have a hot drink, he said, with a good shot in it. "I could come in and make it myself only I'd muddy up the floor and your mother wouldn't like that."

"She wouldn't," she told him, "and I wouldn't either," and walked into the house and shut the door—hard.

He opened it instantly. "What do you expect a man to do?" he shouted after her as she was dripping up the stairs.

THE QUESTION returned to her as she lay there in the dark, listening to the rain drum softly over her silvery moon and stars. She had gone down in her robe and slippers and made the hot drink—not because he told her to but because she wanted to be sustained in her revolt. What did she expect a man to do?

Well, for one thing she expected him to be careful, considerate, tender, loving and put womanhood before everything else. She expected him to behave as her father would in emergencies. Imagine her own father letting her mother get drowning wet while he clawed around with tools? Imagine him letting her walk through rain to the house because she was already wet. Imagine a lot of things, none of which fitted into Andy Reece's behavior, not once but at all times. What sort of life would a girl have, married to a man who called on her for help when anything hard or dirty was to be done as if that was the natural thing. A woman like Marian Deveraux, of course! She would have changed the tire herself and thought nothing of it. Andy would have held the toolbox and told her what to do. Marian wouldn't have minded the rain because she would have had on blue jeans and boots. But Jeanne Whyte was well out of it. He had his ring back and the slate was clean. She had only to think of her job and how to save money for her old age. An old maid's old age. She slept.

But this was today and the picture was getting a little dim from repetition and sad thoughts only brought a hollowness that went down to her very ankles. There was a pang, too, not of grief though, for she found herself thinking of the ham in the icebox. No dinner last night and no breakfast. A person had to eat even if the morning had gone out of life and most of the men were heels. Her mother, her sweet mother, was sure to have left something nice for her—and from that she went on to consider the full happy life of her parents, and she knew that all along, all through her engagement she had been thinking of them, comparing them with herself and Andy and finding nothing in common. Thank goodness her eyes had been opened before it was too late.

While she was tying up her hair into a brief switch and getting into a hideous old housecoat covered with windmills, she glanced at herself purely from habit and reflected grimly that having lost everything else her looks might as well go with the rest. The windmills made her look four feet tall and twice as broad and she got a masochistic pleasure from that.

The house was very still, with all life gone from it, even the family dog; she felt old and unloved and alone. Slippers flapped emptily on the bare treads of the stairs and she could hear the rooms trying to whisper to her. What if there was a burglar in the kitchen? She was on the second landing when the front door flew open and Andy stuck his head in. "Oh, there you are!" Cheerily, as if she was a sister or a college pal or something.

Andy, with no signs of a bad night about him. In a cream flannel sports coat, shining, shaven and sleek and full of real-estate sparkle. His glinting glance slid around the openness of the rooms and he put himself a couple of inches farther in but held to the doorknob suggesting instant flight. "Is this how you look in the morning?" he enquired.

She was nailed to the stairs. "You came here—after—"

He nodded. "Just stopped by to tell you that Buddy Grayson'll be along to take you to D'Arcys' shindig. You'd miss most of it if you waited for me. Buddy was decent about it—said he didn't mind as he was going alone. He'll be early, though—account of tennis." His tone suggested that it would take time to go over herself thoroughly and his inspection said more than that. He said not to give Buddy a shock.

She held to the banister. It would be awful to fall downstairs. She was silent, but Andy never bothered about answers when he was talking. "Wait to wear your ring this afternoon?" he asked. "Here it is."

"Go away," she said. "Go now."

"I'm going. I could have phoned but it didn't take five minutes to stop by—"

## The Hour of Spring

by GILEAN DOUGLAS

Now is the time of wakening.

Hushed and slow

As drowsy laughter:

Of secret murmurs in the river flow

And soft caressings where the warm

winds go

Lightly after

Still indifference of snow.

Now is the time of sighing,

Faint and tender,

And the half stretching out of lighter

sleep;

Of the green breath flying

Through the dark room, denying

Change and, finally, the slender,

Timeless turn to full day crying.



## Prefers a Rich One



**JEAN MURRAY**, the versatile stage and radio actress has won hearts galore in many plays, and starred in "Sally The Telephone Girl". She laughingly says her hands get a "crackly-feel" unless she uses a "rich" hand lotion. And by "rich" lotion, Jean Murray means Campana's Italian Balm. "Nothing surpasses Italian Balm," declares this beauty-wise actress, "for keeping hands soft, smooth, free from roughness or chapping."

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The door was closing. "Wait." Her voice stopped the door but he was still going. She swallowed the knot in her throat. "Don't you understand that I never want to see you again? Or speak to you. That you mean nothing to me?"

That stopped him. He came back a little way. His manner said that he was losing time but was willing to see the thing through.

"Oh, I say! Don't be vindictive. There's no tragedy. People meet all the time and they have to speak unless they want to play dumb. You speak to lots of people without marrying them. What were you about to say?"

Nothing. She had nothing to say. Her tongue was flannel. Why couldn't she say something that would blast that terrible conceit right out of him?

"Now listen, Jeanne." He looked at his watch, but his tone was kind and tolerant. "We can be friends. You didn't break any of the tools when you threw the box at me. I looked them over this morning and they were all shipshape. You needn't go to the D'Arcys' with Buddy if you don't like the idea. He won't mind. I put it as a favor to me."

She thought of something to say but it was too late. He was gone.

SHE PUT in time and care getting ready for the D'Arcys. White linen from head to foot. Immaculate. Marian Deveraux could never look like that in all her born days. It was even better than the yellow organza. She looked like a snowflake in June.

But Buddy didn't notice or comment. He was not even surprised that she was ready. "I've got a good game on if Marian gets back in time," he said. "Why weren't you at the dance last night? Never mind bothering to think up something. I suppose you're letting Andy off the leash for a while and he's making hay."

She wanted to wither him, but Buddy didn't wither easily. He was a babyface with predatory instincts where money was concerned. Women didn't bother him—just money. He couldn't talk about anything but Marian Deveraux.

"She's got a packet already, but she wants more and she'll get it. Some women are born that way, but others stay dolls until they make the wheel chair. With a woman like that any man could make the grade."

"You and Andy are both so realistic." She sat back in the cushions and a broken spring jabbed her in the back—probably ruined her coat.

"Oh, sure. People have to be realistic these days. Andy goes the whole way. You can't put a thing over him. All he wants is the best end of everything."

They got to the D'Arcy place and the party was going strong with courts and a nice pool and people wandering around in their best sports clothes. Buddy dropped Jeanne off at once and raced away on his own concerns. She knew everyone and in the next quarter hour heard much more about Andy and the widow and the way they had carried on at the Boat Dance, for it seemed that Andy had gone there after all in his damp clothes and shoes he had found in a locker and evidently the duck farm project had reached a climax during the evening. Perhaps the whole thing had been carefully planned—the tire, the rain, the ghastly business of going back



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home wet as a drowned cat while he escaped responsibility with the ring in his pocket. She found that the party was boring her.

There was a slight commotion when the missing pair arrived and everyone rushed to meet them and learn the last details. Sure enough Mrs. Deveraux wore a plaid shirt and stained levis, but somehow she looked terribly right for what she had been doing and Jeanne found a chair where she could be unobserved while the cold clamminess of being a detached girl crept into and over her. A few minutes later she discovered that Andy had slithered into another chair close by and was taking a long-distance view of his late companion. It was all admiration.

"What a woman!" he murmured in what would pass for rapture. "A girl who can wear what she wants and dares to do it. And she doesn't look grubby after all."

"Leather chaps might help—like in the movies."

"Don't start being nasty. If you knew where we've been! Haymows and feeding pens. All over the map. She had me panting." He pulled at a remnant of hay in his hair. "She even helped the farmer get the bull in his pen. A woman who can do anything."

"Why didn't you ask her to carry you when you gave out? She could have done it."

His complacency overrode sarcasm. "I sold the farm. I could start building a house tomorrow if I could use a house."

"Perhaps Mrs. Deveraux would like a house. She could help build it. Plastering, and things like that."

"She would. I showed her the lot and she was full of ideas for a house. Ready to pitch right in and lay off the foundation. That's why we got here so late. House building on paper."

"Really? I can see her setting bricks right where they should be."

He wanted to call it off. He was tired as the devil. This prickly attitude didn't belong to Jeanne and he didn't like it. "Why be catty? It's just that Marian is a woman who can carry her end—and does and would. She's not afraid to help out in a pinch. She learned how to do things during the war. When she's 90 no policeman will have to carry her over a crossing—oh, well, what's the use? You don't understand."

"I understand that men have just about stopped being men. They make apprentices of women if they can. A girl with one eye could win any beauty contest if she could handle a plumber's wrench."

They were so obsessed that they didn't see the party breaking up. Mrs. Deveraux came over to them with her broad friendly smile. Andy began to talk fast before she got there.

"Jeanne, I've been bothered all day by what you said last night. You didn't mean it. Will you marry me?" And then he spoiled it. "We could start work on our house right away. I want to do some of it myself evenings. We could have a lot of fun. Maybe we could find out why we fight this way."

Her heart began to beat fast but the end of his speech put the chill on again.

"No, I won't marry you," she said coldly. "Carrying bricks is not my idea of having fun. A woman's place is in the home not on top of it mending a roof. My mother couldn't drive a nail to



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save her life and she's never been asked to. Nothing rough or difficult has ever been allowed to touch her life and I intend to be like her—a real woman."

A deep contralto broke in. Mrs. Deveraux was there.

"Buddy is driving me back, Andy. He wants me to see a horse. You can take Jeanne—" Mrs. Deveraux was like a strong wind blowing right through obstacles. A slight frown knitted her straight brows. "I ought to give you your supper, Andy, but there isn't a bite to eat in the house—an egg or two but that's all. I didn't get around to ordering yesterday with my mind on that farm." She walked nonchalantly away.

Jeanne looked after her, concealing triumph. She knew Andy's appetite. "I spoiled your date. If I hadn't been tagged on she would have given you one of her eggs."

"Nonsense. I'm going home with you and raid the icebox. I want food and I know your mother. So you won't marry me?"

"I've told you I wouldn't. And the family is away for the day. There's nothing in the icebox but a lemon pie and some ham."

He jingled something in his hand—the ring and two quarters.

"All right. I may sell the lot next week. Plenty of people wanting to build houses if they can find the right shoestring."

THE CAR turned into the Whyte driveway and the house showed that the family was back from the all-day trip to Dexter. The cacophony of radios seeped, roared and gargled from every window. The dog barked. The sedan stood tiredly before the garage and Andy pulled in behind it. Both of them knew that this moment might not come again. She broke it with a shaky little laugh.

"I'm sorry, Andy, truly I am. But we're not suited to each other. We see life from different angles. I want something to remember when I'm old—something—er—sweet and you would never give it to me. All you think of is making money and you forget that women want tenderness and love. I do, anyway. I can't remember when you ever noticed what I was wearing. You never gave a thought to my party dress when you let it be ruined last night. All you thought of was your tools. No, Andy, I won't marry you because—you don't know how to treat a woman."

He gave her a long scrutinizing look. "So I ruined your dress. Well, you had another, didn't you? Why was that particular dress important when you had another? But my tools were important because my car is old and I have to work on it every day. Why shouldn't you help me fix it when we needed it to get places?"

That was the moment the family chose to erupt from the house. Jeanne's father was especially hearty. "Stay for supper, Andy," he invited. "It's fried chicken and biscuit. I picked up some good ones at a farm and they're in the frying pan now."

Two frying pans and the oven made a boiler room of the kitchen. Mrs. Whyte traveled from the dining room table to her cooking and now and then she fanned herself with a napkin. She was glad to see Andy, too, and to know

that the trouble was over. Young people have their little quarrels, she thought tenderly. "The poor children are starved," she told him. "Nothing to eat all day but a few hamburgers and ice cream cones. I'm trying to hurry—if you can hurry chicken."

"Don't waste any time," her husband called genially. "I'm starving, too. Tell those biscuits I want 'em brown and plenty of cream gravy." He winked at Andy. "Women forget those little touches if you let 'em. They like to idle along and talk."

It came out that the day hadn't turned out as planned. Aunt Minnie was down with her arthritis, the house in confusion and no dinner on hand. But Papa had taken the children in the car and scouted around the country where he garnered chickens and a bushel of ripe peaches for canning. They'd had a boat ride on the river and while they were gone Mrs. Whyte had cleaned Aunt Minnie's house, changed beds and given the sick woman a bath, afterward washing out a few pieces even if it was Sunday. She had left poor Aunt Minnie as comfortable as possible but she would continue to worry until she was sure someone had taken charge. "If she isn't better soon," Mrs. Whyte finished, "we'll bring her to our house. The northeast room is nice and cool and I can watch her while I'm working. Why, Andy, you're not eating a thing. Your biscuits are cooling down . . . those peaches—dear me. I might put up a few jars when the kitchen is cleared."

No more chicken. Not a biscuit left. Suddenly the dining room had three vacant places; a whistle called Dan to the street; Martie had to wash her hair and little Corinne had a pain in her tummy. Mr. Whyte, with a sigh of content, retreated with the unread Sunday paper to the living room couch. "Long drive—takes it out of a man. Ya-a-ah, I'm dead beat."

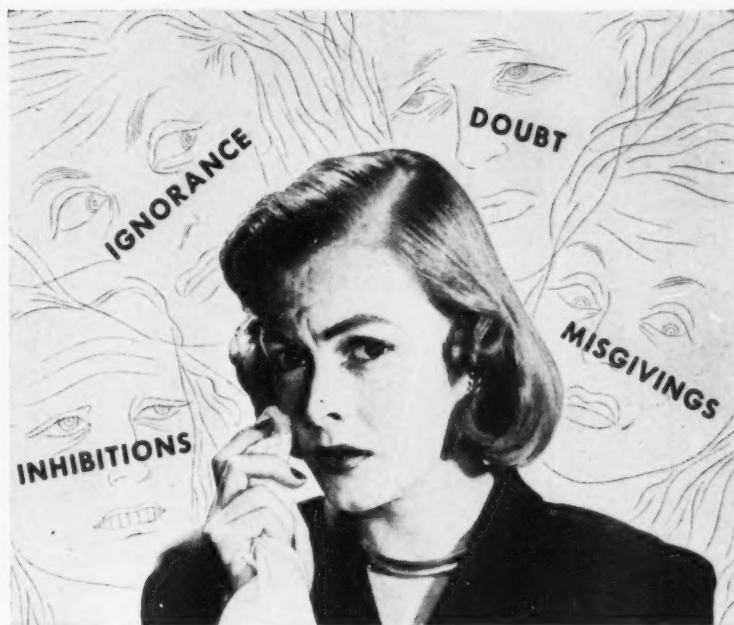
The table was in chaos. It was very hot and close; the pressure of hundreds of meals settled down with their aftermath. Mrs. Whyte began to gather the silver. "Why don't you children go out to the swing where it's cool? I know I've got to get at those peaches. The whole house reeks of them. I can peel the ripest and sugar them and they may last till morning."

Jeanne wanted to say, "We'll never sit in that swing again." She looked at Andy and missed something that had always been in his face. She couldn't bear it another moment.

"I—I'll go up and change my dress," she said uncertainly, "and then I'll peel some of the peaches, mother." Tonight, when he was gone, she would have to tell her parents that the engagement was broken. There would be no wedding in October. No anything. Silly to pretend to be friends when you've been lovers. This was really the end. "I'll say good night," she told him. "You'll be gone when I come down." Her smile flickered past his set face so changed from the way she knew it.

When she did come down in a pink pinafore, her face freshly scrubbed with cold water, he was gone and so were the supper dishes. The dining room was dark and cooler and her father's regular, light snore came from the living room. There was light in the kitchen though and she went there, as far as

Continued on page 80



## DO INHIBITIONS (Doubts) THREATEN MARRIED LOVE?

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PHOTOGRAPHED IN CO-OPERATION WITH EATON'S WEDDING BUREAU

# BRIDE *with a* FUTURE

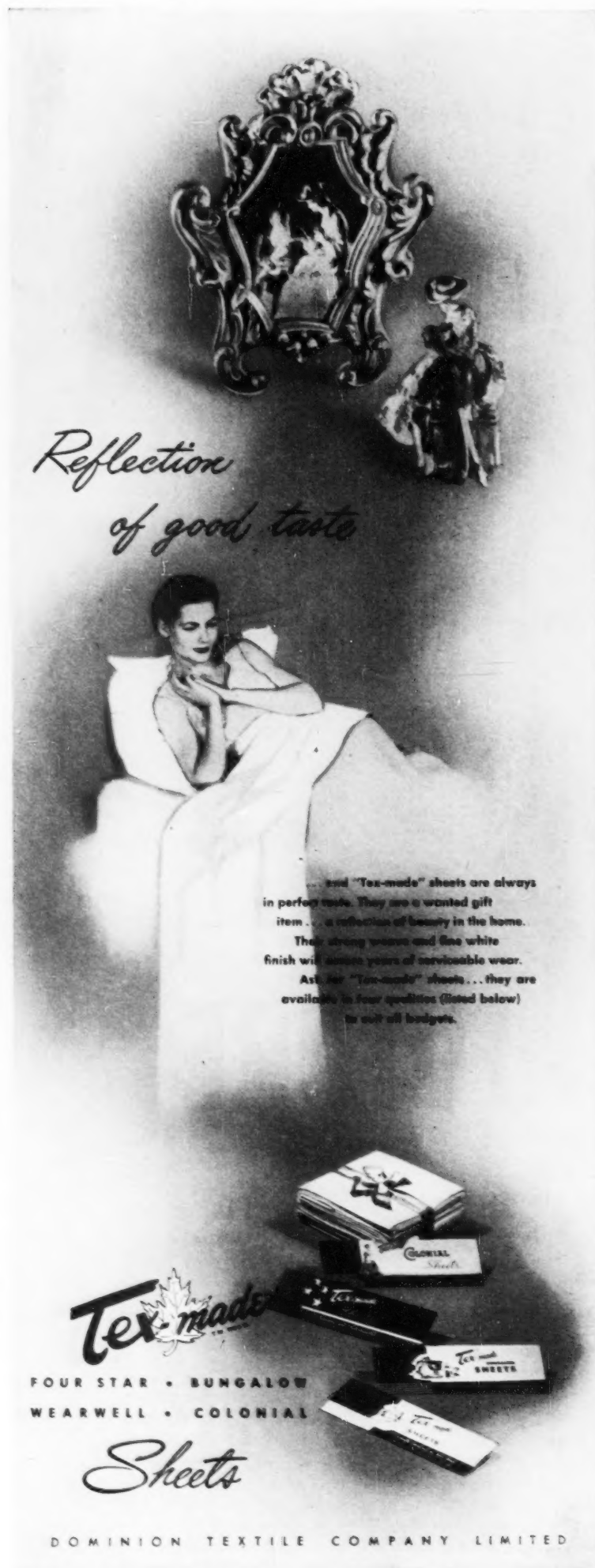
by Wilma Tait

Meet Gordon and Barbara, Chatelaine's choice of this year's typical Canadian bride and groom . . . he is a schoolteacher, she a business girl. In the following pages our camera takes you through the exciting events up to the breath-taking moment of The Wedding

**B**ARBARA WILBY'S and Gordon Graham's is a boy-and-girl romance—the first for each of them. Something must have sparked in their hearts when they first met five years ago and Barbara's freshly washed hair was set in bobby pins, for it was next to no time when Gordon was asking for a date. While an engagement could have taken place three or four years ago Barbara decided they must wait to be absolutely sure. Musical and with a pretty soprano voice, Barbara craved voice training, and besides she was ready to embark into the career world where there was experience of a special kind to be gained.

Product of Toronto's public and high schools her first venture made use of her studies in dietetics and chemistry at the Banting Institute. Later her ability to juggle figures drew her to the office Sales Department of a big store. There she is today, and there she plans to stay after the big event—at least until such time as she and Gordon will be prepared to carry on the Graham name.

Man with a purpose, firm in his convictions and happily with a sense of humor is how Barbara describes her fiancé. "Do you know how I got my ring? We were at the neighborhood movie to see 'Good News!' The engagement + Continued on page 44



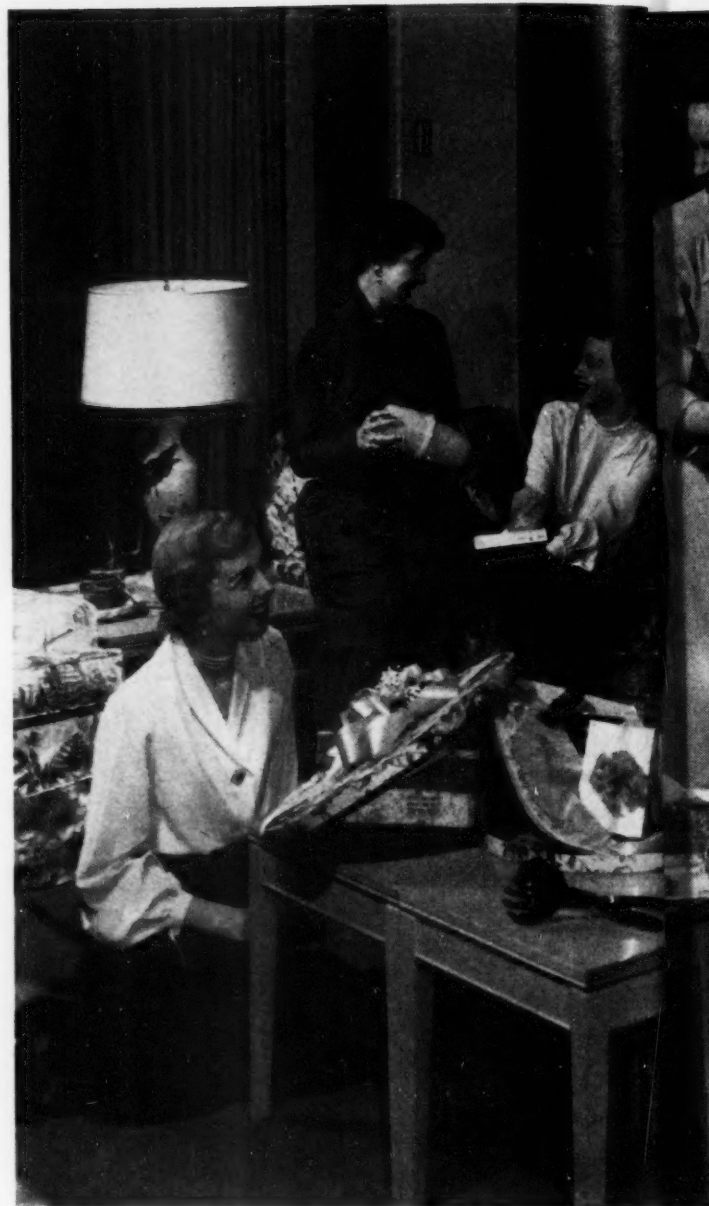
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# BRID



PHOTOGRAPHED IN CO-OPERATION WITH EATON'S

by **Jane Monteith**  
of Chatelaine Institute

## The Office Staff

**B**ARBARA'S friends are young and very up-to-the-minute. They're interested in the newest styles in clothes, in house furnishings and, of course, in showers.

Together with Chatelaine Institute they planned several parties for 1950's Canadian brides.

Young moderns that they are, these girls have very definite ideas about showers. They've found so many of them dull, and occasionally even embarrassing, that they've worked out the following scheme for themselves.



# with a FUTURE



When Chatelaine Institute photographed Barbara's shower, the rest of the room was just as lively as this corner where Audrey Guthro, Betty Herbert, Dorothy Dray and Agnes Jones gather around as another exciting parcel is about to be opened.

## ffGives a Shower

The hostess always invites the bride to a party—not just to drop in for a chat. (Any bride is duller than you think if she doesn't have some slight suspicion of what's afoot. But she'll be happier in her mind if she arrives in a party mood for whatever may turn up that Tuesday evening at 8.30.)

The hostess discusses the gifts in detail with each of the guests. Sometimes she collects enough money to cover the cost of all of them. (The girls always do this when suitable articles vary greatly in price.) Sometimes the hostess

Continued on page 48

## from Soup



### "CREAM" THEM WITH CARNATION— To Glorify Canned Soups!

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## to Dessert



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This wonderful Gossard NARROLINE with its 3" elastic top . . . scoops you in at the waist without that pinched feel . . . keeps your tummy pancake flat. Vertical stretch satin and leno elastic in Nude. Slide fastener closing. Average and Tall Average figures.

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# BRIDE *with a* FUTURE



PHOTOGRAPHED IN CO-OPERATION WITH EATON'S

Barbara calls on her mother, Mrs. Arthur P. Wilby, for advice in choosing a linen damask cloth, silver and crystal to harmonize with the fine china they've already selected.

## Shopping for Tableware

by **Jane Monteith**  
of Chatelaine Institute

**E**VERY BRIDE expects to use her trousseau of china, crystal and silver for some time. She may use it for the rest of her life. So her final choice is a major decision.

Realizing this, Barbara called upon the experience and wisdom of her mother on "looking" expeditions. Then she discussed their findings with Gordon to be sure that he too would be happy with their selection.

should select your linen, silver and glassware to go with your china. So it will be your first consideration. Buy a kind of china that suits your style of living and the type of home you expect to have.

Solid-color glazed earthenware is always informal; decorated semiporcelain, china or bone china may be formal or semiformal depending on the pattern. The prices for china of the same

quality may differ greatly. This is due to the amount and type of decoration. The plainer the cheaper, usually.

Choose from open stock for easy replacements and additions.

You'll need: service for six or eight consisting of dinner plates, breakfast plates, bread and butter plates, cereal dishes, cream soups, sugar bowl and cream jug, cups and saucers.

Continued on page 49

### First Considerations

There are many things to consider; cost is one factor—perhaps the first. Friends will often lend a helping hand, however, if you let them know what patterns you have chosen. Or you can register your selection with the Bride's Bureau in one of the large department stores for your friends' information.

Way of living is another consideration. Will you, as a couple, be doing much entertaining? Will it be formal or informal?

Where will you be living? In a small apartment or a home in the suburbs?

Finally, and very important, do both you and your fiancé like the style, pattern and quality of the tableware you're considering?

Your answers to these questions will decide the quantity of tableware you'll need and, to some extent, the patterns and materials you'll choose. But, regardless of your way of life, there are some essentials you must have. There are some basic buying rules to consider, too, as you shop.

For the most harmonious results you



Here, Barbara and her mother listen to the Counselor of Eaton's Wedding Bureau explain how all the intricacies of the wedding procedure, from the moment of the engagement to the after-wedding party, will be taken care of without worry on their part.





for home  
use...

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to cleanse, condition and give your hair

# Glorious New Color

Helena Rubinstein now turns her genius to hair, and brings you HAIR COSMETICS. These revolutionary new HAIR COSMETICS do everything . . . *everything* your head and hair need beautywise . . . to cleanse, condition and *gloriously* color-tint your hair . . . *at home!*

Each one of these magnificently effective hair cosmetics performs a dramatic role in making your hair more lustrous, more colorful than you ever dreamed possible.

They'll make your hair look so alive, so vital, so healthy! They'll give your hair new beauty, new softness, and above all *exciting new color . . . any color your heart desires.*

You do not need any expensive salon treatments with Helena Rubinstein's new HAIR COSMETICS. You yourself can become your own hair beauty expert, your own hair colorist, right in your own home. So check above to see which HAIR COSMETICS you require.

**SILK-SHEEN CREAM SHAMPOO . . .**  
A glorious new cream rinse and shampoo in one! Conditions while it cleanses. Gives glossy texture to *all* hair, *all* shades. 1.25

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**BRUNETTE-TONE SHAMPOO . . .** Dark brown or black hair glows with new color depths and highlights. Dull, rusty hair and split ends acquire a lovely, satin sheen. 1.50

Ask at your favorite Helena Rubinstein counter for **FREE** booklet picturing MICHEL'S NEW HAIR-DO'S and how to set them.

**COLOR-TINT RINSES . . .** 12 thrilling colors to brighten or intensify your natural hair color! Enliven mousy hair! Tone down unwanted streaks! Lasts from shampoo to shampoo. Box of 8 capsules. 1.25

**COVERTONE . . .** You can quickly brush color on graying hair with this unique cream touch-up! Use between tintings to conceal gray "patches". Apply like mascara. 8 shades. 1.25

**HEADLINER . . .** Non-greasy hair balm to discipline stray locks, fuzzy ends, fine hair. Smooth a little over your head, rub it into ends. Then brush until hair shines! 1.25

**SILK-SHEEN HAIR CONDITIONER . . .** A cream emollient that helps both hair and scalp. Makes even hair dried by bleach and permanents look alive! A "must" after illness. 1.75

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# BRIDE *with a* FUTURE

## Trousseau with Ideas

by Mildred Spicer

Fashion Editor

**T**ODAY'S BRIDE is a modern girl with up-to-the-minute ideas. Because she's likely going to be a working wife neither her wedding nor her trousseau will rob her future. She will choose clothes to suit her personality, her budget and her brand-new way of life. She'll look for the double-duty kind with a forward fashion look . . . functional but

pretty to serve her equally well in business and private life. Barbara Wilby is one of 1950's brides, trim and attractive with a flair for her own special kind of clothes. The basics of her wardrobe are complete in themselves, yet can be separated and teamed up with individual pieces. Her life won't call for hours of leisure so she won't load her wardrobe up or her budget down with frilly, hard-to-care-for lingerie. Maybe one dreamy nightie and negligee just because she is a bride. Everything else will fill her needs in a pretty yet practical way.

**" . . . WON'T BE A MINUTE."**  
Saturday's shopping in a two-piece red and navy wool. The red jacket fits snugly and has two novel patch pockets. Under \$40.



**"HOLD THAT POSE . . . you're pretty in print."** Red and white printed rayon crepe is topped by briefly flared black jacket. Under \$40.

**" . . . AND HE SAID . . . you look wonderful in pink."** Cotton separates at that, camisole top and skirt teamed up with black lace. Under \$22.

**"JUST ASK FOR THIS COLOR"**  
. . . Pheasant, a new tawny russet shade in a bloused-back suit of worsted whipcord, double-breasted, big pockets, and under \$60.

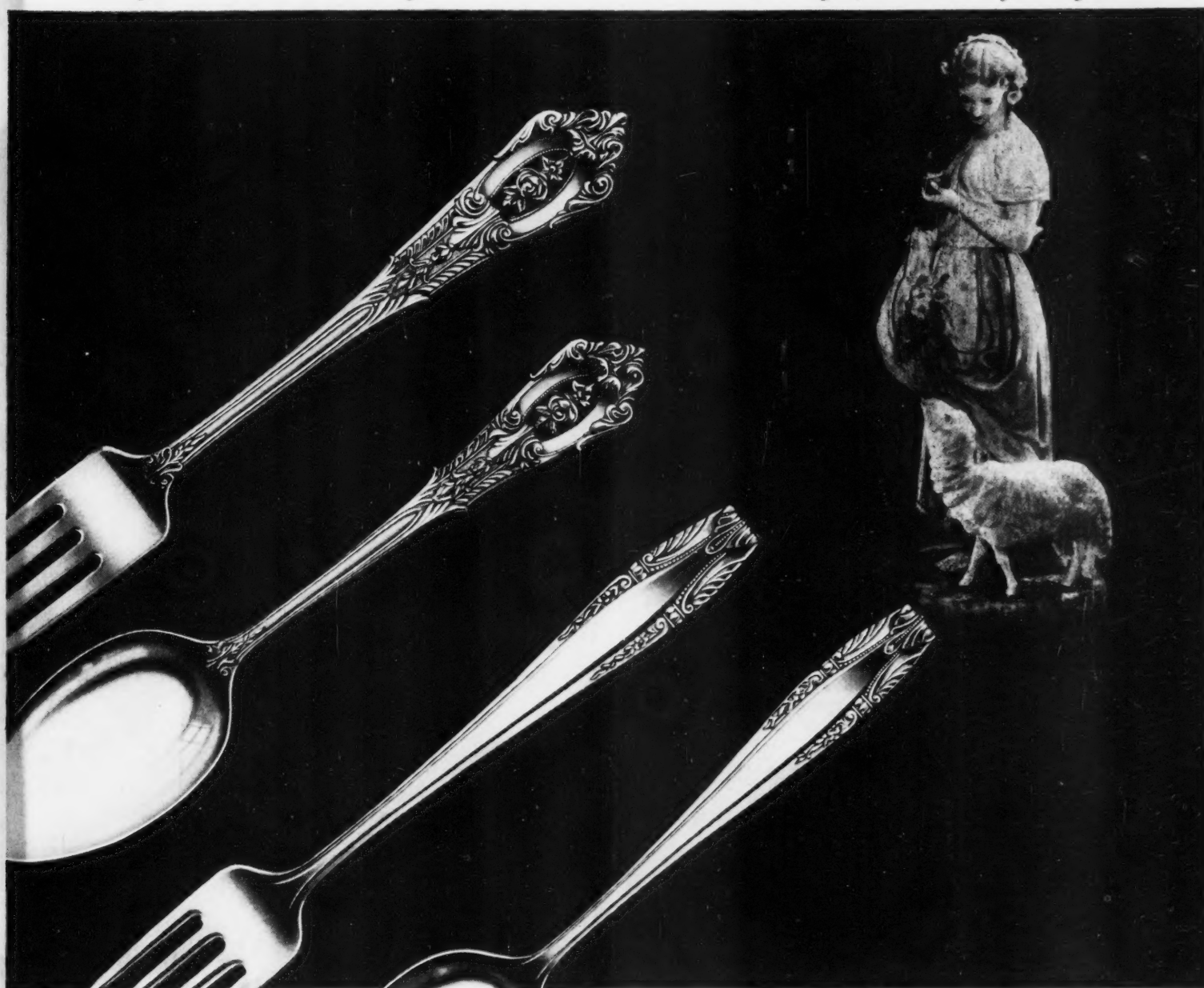


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*Only Wallace Sterling...like Sculpture...is lovely from every angle*



BISQUE FIGURINE, FRENCH, CIRCA 1880

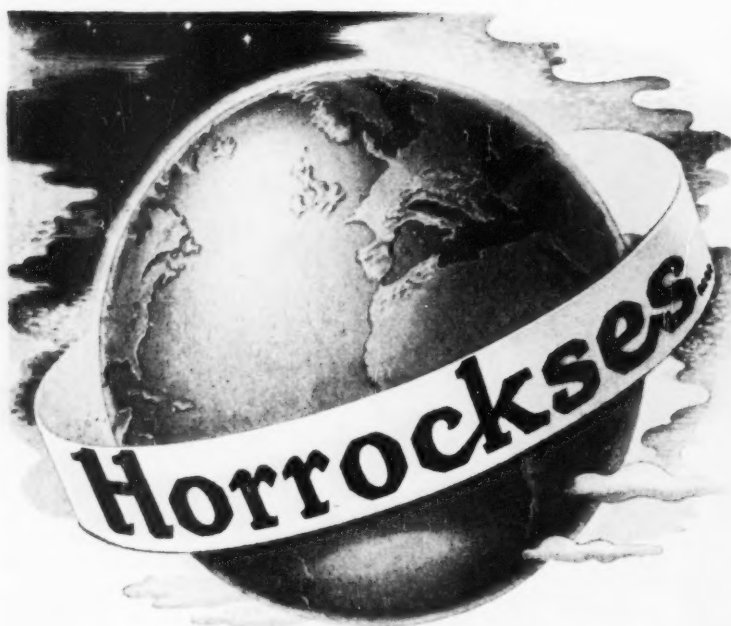
*Only Wallace Sterling...like Sculpture...has  
Third Dimension Beauty*

Spring reawakens the love of beauty in our hearts and our everyday living. And, the beauty of each day's living will be enhanced for you by the proud possession of Wallace Sterling... the most sought-after silver in Canada.

That's because William S. Warren, famous designer of fine silver patterns, has created in Wallace the only sterling with the "Third Dimension Beauty" of sculpture... beauty in front, beauty in profile, beauty in back. Before you select your silver, be sure to see Wallace Sterling's two "Third Dimension Beauty" designs. At the top, Rose Point... at the bottom, Stradivari. Both of these patterns are made in Canada. Wallace Silversmiths, Toronto, Canada.



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FOR OVER  
**150**  
YEARS

the name HORROCKSES has stood for quality. The leading Stores in Canada are now receiving supplies of their well-known Pillow Cases, Sheets and Flannelettes.

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*Enjoy*  
**RICH, TASTE-TEMPTING**



**THE MORE TENDER  
MORE DELICIOUS MACARONI**

**BRID**



*Barbara begins her own beauty schedule by checking her skin, her hair, her figure. First purchase is a complete make-up to harmonize with her brown eyes, clear fresh complexion and taupe hair.*

**Be a Bride**

**H**OW DO you hope to look on your marriage day? Radiant... misty-eyed... as pretty a *you* as can be. Because you're practical as well as poetic, you know loveliness doesn't automatically come with the donning of the bridal veil. So from the moment you receive your diamond, set yourself a good-looks schedule, so you will be a bride—beautifully.

**SIX WEEKS AHEAD**—Study your skin in the clear light of day. Is it dry? Oily? Troubled in spots? Check your diet, your personal health habits. Once assured of inner beauty, treat outer surface conditions.

Brush out your hair before your mirror. Could it do with a trio of reconditioning treatments? Plan now how you want it styled for your wedding day. And begin brushing it 10 minutes each night (head bent over, please) to bring out every highlight.

Your figure is the basis of your gown, so take time to pace before a full-length mirror (humming Lohengrin, if you will). If spot reducing is called for, thump off those excess pounds. And practice good posture, a graceful carriage.

How are your hands? They'll be in the limelight from now on, pretty background for your rings and your bouquet. Cream your



# D with a FUTURE

Her wedding day is a dream-to-come-true . . . and to ensure the beauty of that dream, our favorite bride begins early on a good-looks program that any beauty-conscious woman may follow

by Eileen Morris  
Beauty Editor

PHOTOGRAPHED IN CO-OPERATION  
WITH EATON'S.

# d Beautifully

hands nightly, and apply some lotion or cream after every washing.  
Don't finish your self-examination without foot inspection! Until now your feet were your affair—but no more! Get rid of lumps and bumps with gentle massage, pumice, and lots of lotion. Plan on pretty feet, with well-shaped, tinted nails.

THREE WEEKS AHEAD—Have your hair cut, shaped and styled by an expert. It's a good idea to take along your headdress, so the stylist can match tulle and topknot. Have a professional perm, or give yourself one at home.

Shop for your beauty trousseau . . . perfume, soap, dusting powder and cologne . . . all in the same exquisite fragrance. Select new jars of creams and a complete, harmonized make-up for your bridal dressing-table.

Make your appointment now to be photographed in your wedding dress a week before the ceremony. As to your make-up, skip ahead and check our suggestions under "Day of Days."

DURING THE LAST TWO DAYS—Have a final shampoo and set. Take leisurely tubbings, and let your lubricating cream steam into your skin. Remove stray

Continued on page 50



FOR LOVELINESS ALL OVER



*New Fragrance!*  
*New Charm!*  
*New Allure!*

BATH SIZE PALMOLIVE

You will prefer this "Beauty Lather" Palmolive over all other leading toilet soaps—the minute you try it! And small wonder! For Palmolive now gives you . . . a new flower-fresh

fragrance . . . an extra-mild extra-soothing lather . . . a new long-lasting pillow shaped cake—the finest Palmolive Soap ever made to make you Palmolive-lovely all over!

DOCTORS PROVED PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS

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MATCHED SETS

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Charmé diamonds feature rhodium-plated setting and shoulders for everlasting brilliance.

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WATCHMAKERS JEWELLERS  
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A "Charmé"  
Diamond Ring  
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"Charmé" SLOGAN CONTEST!

Every purchaser of a "Charmé" diamond ring is automatically eligible for this free offer! Just jot down—on the official entry form—your own idea of a suitable slogan—such as "Charmé for a Lifetime of Beauty". Each month's winner will receive a full refund whether the purchase price was \$50.00 or \$1500.00.

★Entry Forms available at your jewellers

# BRIDE *with a* FUTURE

## Dream Wedding IN COLOR

by Mildred Spicer  
Fashion Editor

**Y**OUR WEDDING can be an expression of your personality. This is the one day in your whole life when you can play a leading role with all eyes on you. Of course you want perfection, and you can have it without robbing your future. Chatelaine's bride proves that the small wedding can be perfection in miniature. The very atmosphere and beauty of your wedding should be "you." Choose your gown with this in mind. Consider your type, your coloring, as well as that of your bridesmaid. Then work to a definite color scheme.

Look over the dreamy selection of wedding dresses and consider the news for brides. For news there is, in line, design and color. The 1950 bridal silhouette calls for a neat head with a well-shaped haircut to go with the new hats for bridal headdresses rather than the old-fashioned tiaras. It demands a tiny waist, nipped-in to complement the spreading, billowy skirts. A slim-line girdle or waist cincher will do the trick for you if your waistline needs a little coaxing. Bouffant, flouncy petticoats and hoops will give a floating look to your dress as you walk down the aisle. Sleeve interest is big news in bridal dresses too. Big billowy ones are enchanting in summer fabrics, organdie, organza or sheer marquisettes. Lace appears in abundance on shining satins . . . in overskirts, insets and tiny rippling edges of sleeves.

Color is good news for the bride who doesn't look her best in white. The ethereal-looking blue organza we chose for Barbara suits her coloring perfectly. Our choice included a floor-length gown of delicate pink lace and a snowy-white organdie in the very new short length, 12 inches from the floor, to be exact. And if the white one strikes your fancy, remember that the all-white wedding can be very effective with your attendants wearing colored satin sashes and shadowy picture hats. A departure from tradition is the combination of dainty separates in a very modern interpretation of the wedding dress. A striking example is a strapless short- or long-length dress worn under a lace redingote, which double after the ceremony for

dance dress and negligee. With the day-length wedding gown you might try a new trick with veiling. It covers the face to the tip of the nose and sprays out at the back fastened by a jeweled clip.

Remember, too, when planning a small wedding, that a little imagination goes a long way. Personal touches are quite in order and the nicest one we've heard of is borrowed from the gypsies. It's the custom of giving each lady guest a tiny nosegay of seasonal flowers . . . violets, pansies or rosebuds, and to the men (if you like) a buttonhole flower. The trend in bridal bouquets is to smaller shapes in keeping with the bouffant look of bridal dresses. Imaginative designs such as baskets made of small flowers, muffs fashioned of tulle and flowers and floral chokers for the bridesmaids lend an elegant difference to the small wedding.

No matter how minute your budget or how small the attendance, your wedding can be the one of your dreams . . . traditional in ceremony . . . but yours alone in beauty and atmosphere.



**Our bride wears blue** . . . transparent, cornflower-blue in bouffant, rayon organza, showered with white polka dots. The dainty mitts match and meet the push-up leg-of-mutton sleeves. A quaint ruching encircles the neckline and edges of the sleeves, and her veil, of misty blue silk illusion, sprays out from beneath a tiny pillbox hat. Her bridesmaid complements her by wearing a matching short-length dress. Later they will be as enticing on a summer dance floor as they will be enchanting before the altar. Bridal gown under \$70. Bridesmaid's dress under \$50.

PHOTOGRAPHED IN CO-OPERATION WITH EATON'S.  
Floral Arrangements Courtesy Helen Simpson.







...a *thrill*  
to serve

**a thrill to eat!**

Oh the variety! Oh the richness of the tempting flavours Shirriff's Desserts bring to your table! Creamy vanilla! Smooth, mellow Caramel! Chocolate-y chocolate! Golden, buttery butterscotch! What tasty desserts they make—as well as tempting pies, tarts, fillings and other good things! The flavour is kept at its peak, sealed inside the Flavour "Bud." Always rich and tempting. Get some Shirriff's Desserts today.

**SHIRRIFF'S**  
"BUD" DESSERTS




**SHIRRIFF'S** *Lushus*

Fresh as new picked fruit, because the flavour "Bud" keeps those superb flavours sealed liquid-fresh. Seven rich fruity flavours.

# BRIDE *with a* FUTURE

## The Wedding Reception

**F**OR MONTHS Barbara has dreamed of this moment. She's had the complete picture in her mind of the table and the decorations she would like to set off her cake. She has even chosen the style of cake and the way it is to be iced. "I want a three-tiered cake in palest pink with icing roses on top," she says.

**THE CAKE**—That's the best way for any girl to begin planning for her "bride's table." The cake is all-important. It should be ordered from the caterer or made at home well ahead. All caterers like to get their instructions about the cake early. It gives them a chance to do their finest work. The cake itself needs time to ripen. Two months before the wedding is not too soon to order or to make the cake. This allows the flavor and moisture from the fruits to blend and develop.

Many girls like to make the fruit cake themselves. Some even frost and decorate it. But because this part is done closest to the

All eyes are on the bride's table. It's that dramatic pause amidst the gaiety of the wedding reception. Barbara, with Gordon beside her, cuts the cake!





by **Marie Holmes,**  
Director Chatelaine Institute

# Reception

wedding day it's more usual to have some experienced cake decorator take over. If the bride-to-be decides that her cake will be a homemade one, her fiancé can be invited to the mixing. Together they stir the batter and make a wish. Here's another tradition that adds a little more sentiment to a chapter in their lives that's filled with romantic customs.

**THE TABLE**—On the day of days the cake in all its frosted glory becomes the centrepiece of the bride's table. Against the simple elegance of a satiny white damask or cutwork cloth it's further dramatized by dainty flowers and the allover glow of candlelight. Right beside the cake is set the small silver tray for the beribboned knife. No foods except a few bonbons or nuts in silver comports are put on the table. All emphasis is on the cake!

The bride with the groom's hand + Continued on page 46



PHOTOGRAPHED IN CO-OPERATION WITH EATON'S.

*Lovely to look at...  
Delightful to taste!*

**Magic's Brazil-Nut Torte**



Want to send your family into raptures—or plan a special splurge for favorite friends? Serve this delectable torte made of foamy whipped cream, baked-on frosting, with toasted nuts, luscious fruit—and cake that's Magic-light!

Make light of *all* your baking, with Magic Baking Powder! Turn out tender, moist cakes every time! Magic costs less than 1¢ per average baking, yet protects costly ingredients, prevents failures. Insist on Magic Baking Powder!



## MAGIC'S BRAZIL-NUT TORTE

2 cups sifted cake flour  
2 tsps. Magic Baking Powder  
½ tsp. salt  
4 tbsps. shortening  
4 tbsps. butter or margarine  
1 cup fine granulated sugar  
3 eggs, separated  
⅔ cup milk  
1 tsp. vanilla

Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder and ½ tsp. salt together 3 times. Cream shortening and butter or margarine together; gradually blend in 1 cup sugar. Beat egg yolks until thick and light; add to creamed mixture, part at a time, beating well after each addition. Measure milk and add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture about a quarter at a time, alternating with three additions of milk and combining lightly after each addition. Turn into two 8" round cake pans which have been greased and lined on the bottom with greased paper. Beat the egg

whites with ⅛ tsp. salt until foamy; sprinkle with cream of tartar and beat until stiff but not dry. Gradually beat in 1 cup sugar, beating after each addition until mixture will stand in peaks; beat in ½ tsp. vanilla. Spread meringue over cake batter and sprinkle with Brazil nuts. Bake in rather slow oven, 325°, about 45 minutes. Let stand on cake coolers until cold; loosen sides, carefully lift out cakes (keeping right-side up) and remove paper. Put cakes together with whipped cream and garnish top with drained apricot or peach halves or other suitable fruit.

# 46 WOMEN OUT OF 52 VOTED HEINZ CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP FIRST CHOICE

## IN COMPARISON WITH A LEADING COMPETITOR

Overwhelming preference for Heinz Soup was registered recently by members of a women's society in a taste test with a leading competitive brand. The two soups were identified only by numbers, and as in five similar taste tests Heinz was the favoured choice, in this case by almost 90% of the ladies. Read their comments in the next column.

What a pity that some families are still missing the extra flavour, the rich creamy smoothness, the true tomato taste that only Heinz offers, simply because habit keeps them buying some other brand.

### Try a Taste-test at Home

Buy a can of Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup and compare it with any other brand. Serve half helpings of each to your family, calling them No. 1 and No. 2. Then get their verdict. The result will probably mean the beginning of a long Heinz friendship.

57



Below are  
some of the  
comments made at  
the time of the taste test

*richer flavour  
no comparison  
a perfect  
tomato soup.  
no improvement  
could be made  
excellent in every way  
delicious  
perfect.  
smooth and creamy  
more homelike  
just right  
much superior  
infinitely better*

# HEINZ

Condensed

# SOUPS



"... and so they lived happily ever after." Barbara's fitted, single-breasted going-away coat has bat wing sleeves which lend soft fullness to the back. The color is new — lark-beige contrasted by dark brown hat, gloves and bag. She wears a wide, gold dog collar around her throat with earrings to match. Her trousseau is complete in matching baggage with simulated alligator trim. The shiny new ring on her finger matches her engagement ring. Set \$75.

PHOTOGRAPHED IN CO-OPERATION WITH EATON'S

## Bride with a Future

Continued from page 31

ring Gordon had bought unknown to me for my birthday was burning a hole in his pocket. Completely absorbed in the singing of 'The Best Things in Life Are Free,' I heard a whispered, 'I've got the ring'—and as I looked he slipped it on my finger."

Like Barbara, Gordon was fired with ambition to make something of himself and to keep abreast of the changing times. He did, taking a teacher's course.

Gordon is convinced teaching is a profession a man can really put his heart and soul into. Because he understands young people he finds discipline no problem. He can appreciate the children's tendency to laughter, but says it's easy to control if handled the right way.

Gordon should know, he conducts a schoolroom consisting of 8 grades—boys and girls ranging in ages from 6 to 16 in a district 30 miles from the city. Commuting the 60 miles in his car every day he piles the boys and girls who live along the road into the back seat. Children have their own little ways of showing appreciation—these kids wash his car!

Barbara is as enthusiastic about the schoolroom as Gordon. She knows all the children by name and can herself give an excellent relayed recital of the

school day events. She warms to the subject of the part Gordon takes with the Home and School Club which is a very live and growing activity in the community. There, concerts, plays, pantomimes are organized for entertainment and to help raise money to buy an expensive movie projector. Barbara has hopes that when the right time comes she too can add her contribution of ability.

In the meantime, while Gordon is busy evenings with the Club or preparing the lessons he must conduct the next day, Barbara rehearses with the operatic society she belongs to or practices the occasional solos she sings in her church choir. Convinced that only through their own efforts and personal sacrifice can they achieve the training for the success they desire, they are prepared to let studies take a big portion of their time. Spurred with the yen for learning, special courses are on Gordon's calendar for summers to come. But the evenings and week ends they hope will be free to visit with friends, go to an occasional movie or take a jaunt to the country in their car.

These are their plans to meet the future—come what may. (Plans that many other young brides will find a counterpart to.) Changing needs, tastes, aspirations—and yes, even perplexities—will be met with the intelligence that comes from knowledge of the problems to be faced.



Your perfumes should sing the music of your  
moods. Each perfume has its own mood note . . . and there  
is a Yardley perfume to chant the mood-songs you feel in  
your heart. Choose cleverly . . . wear confidently and constantly the

Yardley perfumes that are meant for you.

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Perfume . . .  
\$5.75 - \$3.25 - \$1.75  
Cologne . . .  
\$2.50 - \$1.50



**BOND STREET**  
Perfume . . .  
\$7.50 - \$4.50 - \$2.50  
Toilet Water . . .  
\$3.00 - \$1.75



**APRIL VIOLETS**  
Perfume . . .  
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Cologne . . .  
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**LOTUS**  
Perfume . . .  
\$10.00 - \$6.50 - \$3.50  
Cologne . . .  
\$2.50 - \$1.50



Each Yardley perfume has a mood  
note to heighten . . . brighten . . .  
and blend with your every mood.

Choose your perfumes from these creations by **YARDLEY** OF LONDON

**Wedding Reception** *from pg. 43*

over hers thrusts the silver knife perpendicularly into the cake. Then the whole cake is taken to the kitchen by the caterers or other assistants where the bottom layer is removed, cut in small pieces and arranged on plates. The uncut tiers are brought back to the bride's table. The cut cake is passed to the guests.

**Toast to the Bride**

From a bowl on a separate table the punch is served. After a taste of the

cake and a sip of punch comes the moment for the toast to the bride. Quick service and perfect timing are important here. Every guest should have a partly filled punch glass ready to lift when all present say, "The Bride!"

**Wedding Refreshments**

While the cake and punch belong to every wedding reception, the refreshments that precede may vary. The kind and amount of food served depend on the time of day and the number of guests at the wedding.

At an afternoon or evening wedding, where 50 or more guests are to be served, light, pass-around foods are best. Here are typical pattern menus suggested by the Institute:

**Wedding Reception Menu I**

Hot Cheese Dreams	
Chicken Salad Bouchées	
Asparagus Rolls	Cress Rolls
Ice Cream with Fresh Fruit	
Small Frosted Cakes	Wedding Cake
Punch	Coffee
	(Mints, Nuts)

**Wedding Reception Menu II**

(All-on-one-plate)

Assorted closed and open Sandwiches	
Olives	Lemon Sponges
Coffee	Wedding Cake

**Quantities for 50 Servings**

Tea— $\frac{1}{4}$  pound, 2 gallons water  
Coffee (fine grind)— $1\frac{1}{4}$  pounds, gallons water  
Ice Cream (bulk)—6 quarts  
Ice Cream (brick)—9 pints  
Loaf Sugar—2 pounds  
Cream for Coffee— $1\frac{1}{2}$  quarts  
Bread (4 small sandwiches per person)—5 (1 pound) loaves  
Filling (for sandwiches)—2 quarts.

**Wedding Cake**

"Dark, richly fruited"

$2\frac{1}{2}$  pounds sultana raisins  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  pound currants  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  pound dates  
2 pounds seeded raisins  
1 pound mixed peel  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  pound candied cherries  
2 slices candied pineapple  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  pound almonds  
1 pound butter or margarine  
 $3\frac{1}{4}$  cups sifted bread flour  
3 teaspoons baking powder  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon baking soda  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt  
2 teaspoons allspice  
4 teaspoons cinnamon  
1 teaspoon nutmeg  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon cloves  
1 tablespoon vanilla  
1 tablespoon almond extract  
2 cups granulated sugar  
12 egg yolks  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup molasses  
12 egg whites  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup grape or fruit juice  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup currant jelly  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup strong coffee

**Preparation:** Wash and dry raisins and currants. Pit and chop dates. Chop seeded raisins and peel. Slice cherries and pineapple. Blanch almonds and slice lengthwise. Combine fruit and nuts in large bowl. Measure butter or margarine into large mixing bowl. Grease and line cake tins (set of 3 standard wedding cake tins) with 4 layers of heavy waxed paper or 3 layers of brown paper. Grease again. Preheat oven to 275 degrees F. (slow oven).

**METHOD:** Sift together flour, baking powder, soda, salt and spices onto piece of waxed paper. Remove  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup and combine with fruit and nuts. Mix until fruit is well coated. Cream butter or margarine until fluffy. Add flavorings. Gradually add sugar, mixing until creamy. Beat egg yolks until light and lemon-colored. Add molasses and combine. Add to butter and sugar mixture. Beat together well. Add half of sifted dry ingredients. Blend thoroughly. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry. Fold into mixture. Add remaining dry ingredients alternately with combined fruit juice, jelly and coffee, adding in after each addition. Add floured fruit and nuts, blending in until fruit is well distributed. Turn batter into prepared cake tins, filling each about two thirds full, spreading batter evenly. Bake at 275 degrees F. (slow oven) in centre of oven. Bake small cake  $2\frac{1}{2}$

Continued on page 47

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# BRIDE *with a* FUTURE



PHOTOGRAPHED IN CO-OPERATION WITH EATON'S

## Twosome Brunch

By Marie Holmes  
Director Chatelaine Institute



**C**OOKING for two will be fun for Barbara. But serving wholesome meals to Gordon is going to be quite different from feeding little white mice at the Banting Institute lab where she worked before taking her present position.

One meal that young newlyweds like best of all is a holiday "brunch." There's more time on a day off to give a flourish to cooking. And more leisure to enjoy the food, too.

### MENU

Tomato Juice  
Scrambled Eggs and Sausages  
Sunshine Coffee Cake  
Fruit Compote  
Coffee

What could be better fare than this menu planned for new cooks and appreciative new husbands.

### Cooking Schedule

Heat oven to 375 degrees F.  
Place ½ pound link sausages in

In the Institute Barbara learned how to make the quick Sunshine Coffee Cake she proudly serves to Gordon (above) for a holiday brunch in their new home.



## Tailored for Action

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**Su-lette**

by **Silknit**  
LIMITED

beep pie plate. Pour boiling water over them and drain. Put into oven.

Prepare batter for coffee cake (as in recipe). Put in oven on middle rack. Prepare topping for coffee cake.

Combine fresh stewed rhubarb and canned pineapple (1 cup of each) and put on table in individual bowls. Make coffee.

Put topping on coffee cake and put under broiler (see recipe). Set plates in warming oven. Put butter on table.

Crack 3 eggs into small bowl, add

pepper and salt, mix lightly. Remove coffee cake from oven.

In frying pan melt 1 tablespoon margarine. Turn heat to low. Add eggs. Cook, stirring constantly just until set. Arrange on warm plates with baked sausages. Brunch is ready!

#### Sunshine Coffee Cake (For two)

1 cup packaged biscuit mix  
2 tablespoons granulated sugar  
1 egg, beaten  
1/3 cup top milk

#### Topping

2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine  
1/2 cup brown sugar  
2 tablespoons grated orange rind  
1/4 cup chopped walnuts  
1/4 cup orange juice

Method: Combine biscuit mix and sugar. With fork, lightly stir in egg and milk. Bake in greased 8-inch pie plate for 15 minutes at 375 degrees F.

Combine melted butter and brown sugar. Spread over hot cake. Sprinkle orange rind and nuts over top. Then pour orange juice over mixture. Place under broiler until bubbly (2 to 3 minutes). Serve warm.

**Note:** For a large coffee cake, double the above recipe. Bake in a deep 10-inch pie plate.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

## Office Staff Shower

Continued from page 33

prepares a list of suggested gifts with the range of everyone's purse. The paintbrush she can cut down duplications by encouraging each guest to tell what she like to bring.

The girls dispense with shower decorations other than some clever methods of presenting the gifts.

They confine the entertainment to conversation, the shower presentation and a few congenial games—if there is time.

They keep the refreshments simple, inexpensive and easy to prepare.

#### For a Plastic Shower

Present the gifts in a large plastic hat box. Decorate the lid with a huge satin bow and a corsage for the bride (see illustration).

Choose the gifts from this list: garment and shoe bags, shower curtains, comb and brush set, tumblers, towel racks, curtains, aprons, tablecloths, food bowl covers, sink strainer, mixing bowls, flexible ice-cube trays, fruit juicer, food tongs, salad bowl, soap dish, nylon stockings, jelly molds, whisk brooms.

Serve: a jellied salad mold (reminiscent of clear plastics) with potato chips, tomato wedges, assorted relishes and tiny hot tea biscuits.

#### For a Kitchen Gadget Shower

Present the gifts in the form of a huge nosegay, using dishcloths, dish mops, etc., for flowers and attaching spoons, ladles, forks, etc., to the end of long streamers.

Choose gifts from this list: can opener, bottle opener, egg beater, apple corer, pastry tube, grapefruit knife, egg slicer, measuring spoons, oven mitts, onion chopper.

#### For a Recipe Shower

Present the recipes (typed on cards) in a recipe box accompanied by a dishpan filled with gifts—the pan or utensil most closely associated with the plus your recipe.

Choose from this list of recipes and gifts: coffee soufflé—egg beater; cookies—bake sheets; popovers—muffin pan; angel cake—tube pan; tea biscuits—you've cutters; Christmas cake—loaf-bottom cake pans.

Serve: a suitable menu using some of the gift recipes.

#### For a Sewing Shower

Present the gifts in a sewing basket or box contributed by the group as a whole.

Choose gifts from this list: learning wool, spools of cotton; safety pins, black and white elastic, assorted needles, cushion, thimble and holder; knitting needles, needle holder; sewing



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\*"and so-o-o dreamy looking," says Nancy Nylon, "for all its practical qualities!"

Easy-travelling, too, 'cause no ironing's necessary."



CANADIAN INDUSTRIES LIMITED



and knitting instruction books, bodkins, tape binding, measuring tape, tailor's chalk, scissors, finger guard.

**Serve:** ice cream in pastry baskets with whole frozen raspberries or thimble berries.

### For a Back Yard Shower

**Present the gifts** in a wheelbarrow decorated with pastel ribbon streamers and bows.

**Choose gifts** from this list: gardening tools, packets of seeds, bulbs, barbecue grill, toasting forks, plastic-covered cushions, watering can, garden hose, homespun tablecloth, paper napkins, paintbrushes, gardening book.

**Serve:** a barbecue supper.

### Wedding Reception

*Continued from page 46*

**hours;** medium cake 3½ hours and large cake 4 to 4½ hours. Remove from oven and allow to stand 5 minutes, then turn out on wire cake rack to cool. Wrap in heavy waxed paper. Store, tightly covered in cool place for 1 to 2 months before frosting. Yield: Standard three-tiered cake.

*Approved by Chatelaine Institute.*

### Fruit Punch

(50 Servings)

**3 cups sugar**  
**2 quarts water**  
**2 cups strong tea**  
**12 lemons, juice**  
**12 oranges, juice**  
**2 cups grape juice**  
**1 quart apple juice**  
**2 quarts gingerale**  
**1 small bottle maraschino cherries**

**METHOD:** Boil sugar and water together for 5 minutes. Add tea, strained lemon and orange juice, grape and apple juice. Let stand. Just before serving pour over ice cubes in punch bowl. Add ginger ale and cherries. Slices of orange, 1 quart canned raspberries or cherries may be added.

*Approved by Chatelaine Institute.*

### Shopping for Tableware

*Continued from page 34*

These may consist of one all-purpose set or break down into a breakfast set plus your company china.

### Buying Glassware

The style and quality of your glassware will be dictated by the chinaware you've chosen. Very fine china calls for cut crystal or fine glass stemware. Cheaper glass in less formal shapes is suitable with heavier china.

**You'll need:** four to eight fruit-juice glasses, ordinary water tumblers, fine glass goblets or water tumblers and sherbet glasses. Plus eight or ten iced-drink glasses.

### Buying Silverware

Modern plated flatware will last a lifetime with reasonable care; sterling flatware will probably become a family heirloom. Your choice will depend

entirely on your taste and your purse.

But, whichever type of flatware you choose, be sure the pattern blends agreeably with the china and glassware you've chosen.

You can buy flatware by the set, by the place setting or by the piece. A place setting usually consists of six pieces (1 luncheon knife, 1 luncheon fork 1 regular teaspoon, 1 soup spoon, 1 salad fork and 1 butter spreader).

**You'll need:** four to six place settings

to begin with. You can add other pieces later on.

### Buying Linens

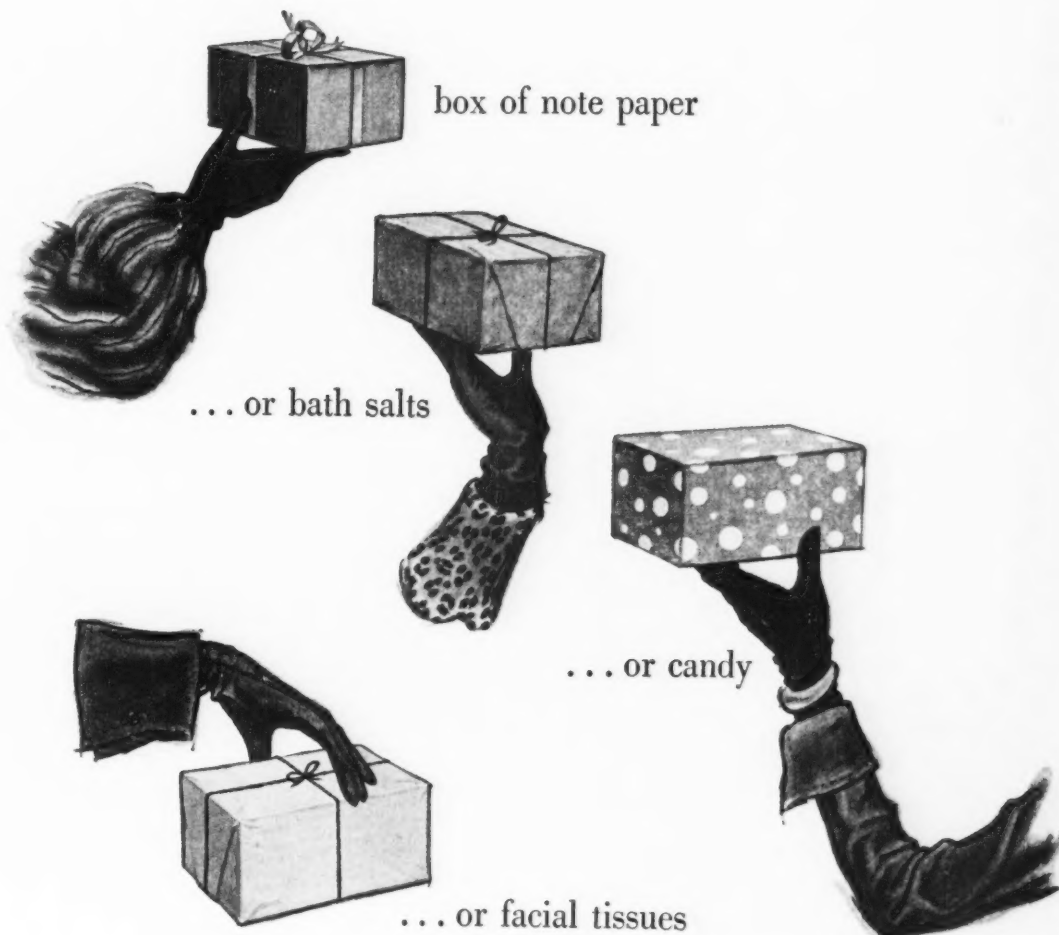
Buy the best quality of its kind whether you choose cotton print or linen damask.

If your choice of china and silver has been very informal, choose cloths or place mats in homespun or cotton print. If your other appointments are semiformal, you'll need daintier place

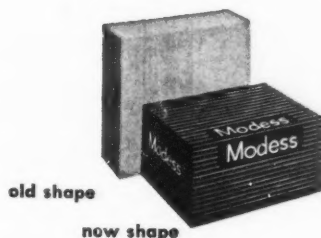
mats, perhaps a lace cloth and a pastel linen or rayon-damask one. For a formal table always use a pure-white linen-damask cloth.

**You'll need:** two double place-mat settings with napkins to match and two breakfast cloths with matching or contrasting napkins for breakfast and lunch; four place-mat settings with matching napkins, one small tablecloth and one large tablecloth with matching napkins for dinner.

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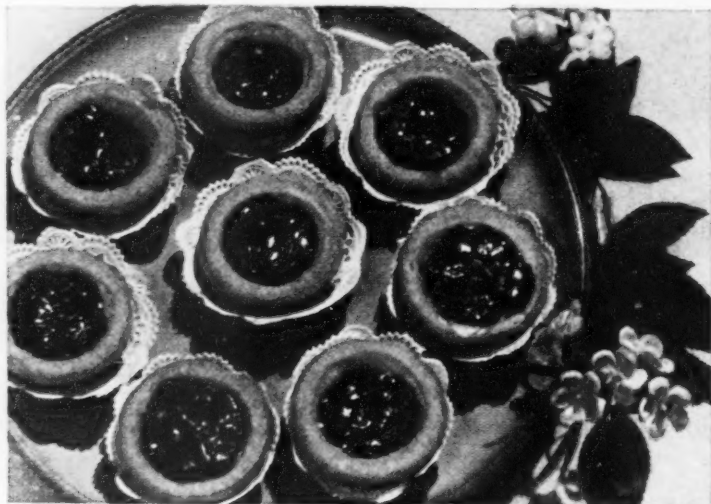
Illustrated above are only a few of the many beautiful Thermos gift items sold to good jewellers, department and gift stores everywhere. When you buy, be sure to look for the name Thermos. It's a symbol of quality that has identified the finest in vacuum ware for over 40 years. If your local dealer is unable to supply you, write direct for fully-illustrated catalogue showing the complete Thermos line.



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*Delightful Idea...* "DAINTY JAM TARTS FOR TEA!"  
says *Martha Logan*

**SHORTBREAD TARTS**

1/4 cup Swift'ning 1 tsp. vanilla  
1/4 cup icing sugar 1 cup sifted flour  
3 tbsp. water 1/2 tsp. baking powder

Cream quick-mixing Swift'ning. Add sugar and water and continue creaming. Add vanilla and mix well. Sift flour and baking powder together and add. Chill dough. Divide into six portions. Roll out in circles on floured board or pastry cloth to fit three-inch tart pans. Place in pans loosely. Prick with fork. Bake in moderate oven. Temperature: 375°F. Time: About fifteen minutes or until lightly browned. When shells are cool, fill with your favourite jam or jelly mixture.

Shortbread dough may be fitted around muffin tins if tart pans are not available, or dough may be rolled 1/8 inch thick, cut in squares and baked on baking sheets to serve as delightful cookies.

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Serve jam tarts tucked in paper doilies! Of course you'll use Swift'ning to make the pastry shells. Swift'ning makes short, tender pastry. Use it for *all* your baking! It creams so quickly and easily... gives you lightest cakes and flakiest pastry! Swift'ning is digestible and nutritious. Get yours today!

Swift'ning is the trade mark for Swift Canadian Co. Limited's new, improved shortening.



## Be a Bride Beautifully

Continued from page 39

eyebrows, defuzz hair from arms and legs.

Stage a full-dress (and make-up) rehearsal. Don't strive to look wan, thinking it's natural... you know it isn't! To give you confidence, and help you look relaxed, use a flattering make-up—and matching nail polish.

If there is a party after your rehearsal, see to it you say your adieus at 10 o'clock, and get to sleep shortly thereafter. Your doctor can give you a quietening medicine that will spare you counting sheep.

**On the Day of Days.** Begin your make-up about an hour and a half before the ceremony. Enjoy a soothing, scented bath, and apply a fragrant deodorant. Then smooth foundation on sparingly, distributing it evenly over face and throat, carrying it to the edge of your neckline. Use cream rouge, blending it in a delicate half moon on your cheekbone. For a neater, longer-lasting job, apply lipstick with a brush. Pat your powder on, beginning at the base of your throat and pressing the powder in. Wipe off any excess with a brush or fresh cotton. Go over your lipstick again, finishing with a liquid fixative, to keep your lips on you through

congratulatory kisses. With eyes so much in the news, you'll want to emphasize yours with a touch of eye shadow, in the same shade as your eye. Whisk on mascara at the outside corner of the upper lid and work toward the centre. Touch your eyebrows with mascara too, brushing first up, then out. And extend them slightly with pencil. Dampen a small cotton pad with cologne, and remove any powder clinging to your hairline. After your make-up, tie your whole head up in a big chignon square and slip into your gown. Add a diaphanous veil of perfume, to wait you down the aisle... and put a smitch between your fingers, so your handclasp will leave a fragrant memory.

Before you leave for the church, check that your maid of honor has a cosmetic kit in her bag for you to use at the reception. A quick touchup may be needed before you pose for those once-in-a-lifetime photographs. Remember, too, that you will want to change your make-up when you change to your going-away outfit. And a compact travel kit of your favorite cosmetics, slipped into your train case, will see you through your wedding trip.

For a queenly calm, when you pause at the head of the church aisle, breathe in all the air possible. Hold it for a moment, then exhale as you walk forward. And we wish you great happiness! +

## BRIDE with a FUTURE



PHOTOGRAPHED IN CO-OPERATION WITH EATON'S.

WITH THE aid of our beauty editor Barbara enjoys a pre-wedding make-up rehearsal, from initial cream-cleansing to a final heart-lifting mist of perfume. Such a full-scale preparation means a more flattering make-up on the big day. Over foundation base has applied cream rouge. You might try her method: blend a dab of rouge onto your left hand, then dot on your cheekbone, and flick it lightly out to the hairline. You'll find this hand-to-cheek keeps your rouge from looking harsh. For a quick "lift" before reception photographs Miss Morris suggests Barbara try a touch of rouge in the same shade over her finished make-up, followed by a final puff of powder.

Barbara's new hair styling is close-shaped yet softly feminine, with a fluff of curl at the earline to give her face added width.



# Elegant, Easy and Economical

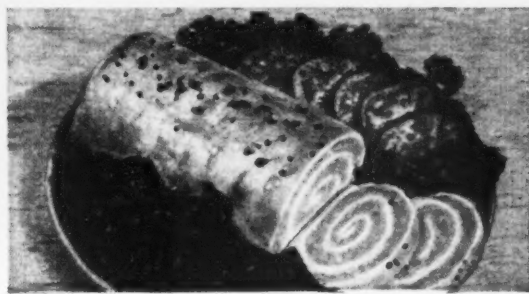
## Canned Salmon is the key to Hearty, Nutritious Planked Salmon

Two 1½-lb. cans of Salmon  
Mashed potatoes to serve 4  
1 can string beans  
2 tablespoons cream  
2 tablespoons melted butter.

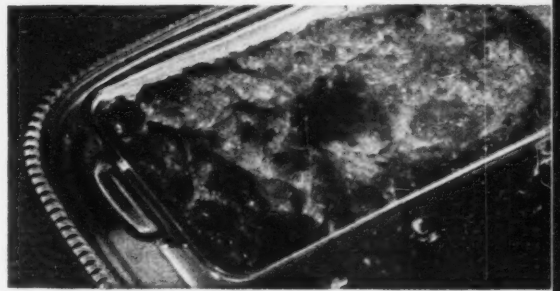
Take the Salmon from cans, drain and cut in halves. Space evenly in centre of well-greased baking plank or cookie sheet; place in 350 degree F. oven for 5 minutes. Baste with cream to keep deliciously moist. Heat beans. Mash and season potatoes. Remove Salmon from oven, drain beans and potatoes fluffed into peaks. Over beans and potatoes put melted butter and place in oven for 15 minutes or until potatoes browned. Serve on baking plate or platter piping hot. Serves four.



**SALMON BASKETS.** Make baskets by placing 2 slices of bread, crusts removed, into buttered custard cup. Bake at 375 degrees F., 5-10 mins. Flake 1 lb. Salmon and fill hot baskets. Make sauce by melting ¼ cup butter with 2 egg yolks in double boiler, stirring constantly. Water in bottom of double boiler should not be boiling. As mixture thickens, add another ¼ cup butter. When thick, remove from heat, add seasonings. Pour sauce over Salmon Baskets.



**SALMON ROLL.** Make favorite biscuit recipe (2 cups flour). Roll out on a floured board to ½-¾" thick. Mix together ½ lb. flaked Canned Salmon, 4 tbsp. milk, 2 tbsp. lemon juice, 1 tbsp. chopped onions. Season with ½ tsp. salt and 1½ tsp. chopped parsley. Spread evenly on dough. Roll up like a jelly roll and bake on a baking sheet in 425 degree F. oven, 30-35 minutes. Serve with hot egg sauce.



**SALMON LOAF.** Scald 1½ cups milk, add ¾ cup bread crumbs; cook 5 mins., stirring constantly. Add 3 beaten egg yolks and cook over hot water (double boiler) 5 mins., still stirring. Cool slightly, add 2 cups flaked salmon, salt and pepper to taste, 2 tbsp. lemon juice and ½ tsp. lemon rind. Finally fold in 3 well beaten egg whites. Turn into greased loaf dish, set in hot water and bake ¾ hour in 350-375 degrees F. oven. Serves four.

Economy minded? You'll appreciate the way Canned Salmon can be extended so many ways in hot dishes to bring the price per serving surprisingly low. If you're one to keep a sharp lookout for nutritional values and strive for properly balanced

meals, Canned Salmon is a natural at the top of your shopping list. Canned Salmon is a basic food you'll want to serve often. It contains so many essentials of good nutrition . . . gives a wide variety of dishes an exciting lift.

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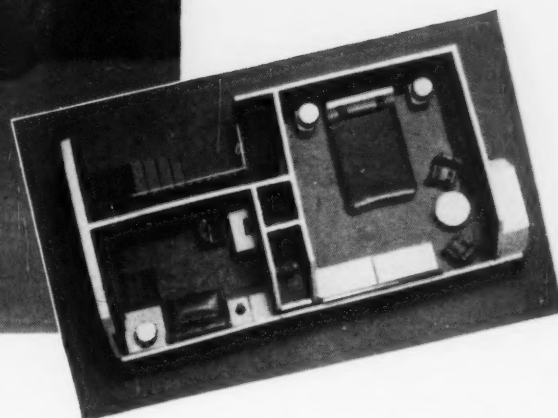




# BRIDE *with a* FUTURE



*Gordon and Barbara adventure in home planning at table-top level with ingenious miniature furniture of wood, accurately scaled at 1/2 inch equals 1 foot. Furniture kit comes complete with handy box-top planner, detailed instruction book, and mirror kit. (Gordon holds section of Mr. and Mrs. dresser.) There are 75 pieces in each "Plan-a-room" kit. Below: Bird's-eye view of the final arrangements of the newly marrieds' apartment. It was modeled in cardboard at the same scale as the furniture: 1/2 inch equals one foot.*



PHOTOGRAPHED IN CO-OPERATION WITH EATON'S-COLLEGE STREET

## First Home — Doll Size

By John Caulfield Smith

**L**IKE MANY other young couples, Gordon and Barbara are embarking on their married career in modest quarters. Their home for the first few years will be the top floor of Gordon's family's big, comfortable house in Toronto, then they expect to move into a bungalow of their own. It's a thoroughly sensible plan that, meanwhile, will deny them none of the fun to be had in "putting things together."

The rooms the young marrieds will occupy are located at the head of the attic stairs. They number two, each with a clothes closet of its own. With sloping ceilings to give them individuality. The larger room was chosen as the bedroom. The smaller becomes a sort of den sitting-room. It's here that Gordon will do much of the homework required of him as a teacher, and where he and his wife can enjoy quiet evenings in each other's company. There's room to entertain a friend or two as well, but the family living room on the ground floor of the house will be used for "real" parties. The family kitchen will also be shared.

A cool, neutral grey was selected as the color on which to base the decorative scheme. It unifies the entire suite—hall, bedroom and den. Different colors could have been chosen for each area, but the result would have been restless and confused. For small rooms it's

far better to adopt a single color throughout. One wall of the den is painted a lighter grey than the others. Since light tones "recede," this has the effect of enlarging the size of the room. Grey wall-to-wall carpeting is used in both rooms for the same purpose.

Gordon and Barbara knew exactly what they wanted when it came to buying their furniture. They had to have something that would eventually go well in their own home. They picked pieces of modern design, in limed oak, that were distinguished by their crisp lines and good proportions. In the bedroom a double bed is flanked by two night tables, a Mr. and Mrs. dresser provides ample drawer space and a tremendous expanse of mirror. The draperies and bedspread are grey antique satin. The bolster is in striped citron chintz, with the same chintz used for covering two chairs grouped about the coffee table. Chair skirts and lamp shades are of contrasting coral material.

Though tiny, the den is charming in arrangement. A low, square table is placed in a corner, with two pieces of a three-sectional chesterfield upholstered in striped citron chintz on one side of it, and on the other the third piece of the chesterfield upholstered in coral material. The table, like the bookcase and desk, is limed oak and the chair that goes with the desk boasts a covering of striking Wedgwood blue.

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G1-C

## Easter in Cuba

Continued from page 16

carry Him out in the box of the dead. You will see."

At one side of the sanctuary stood a large glass coffin, elaborately decorated with gold ornaments. A man descended from the ladder where he had been arranging the white cloth, crossed over to the glass coffin, and reached inside to turn on an electric bulb. Other men came forward to serve as the first pallbearers, each of them holding a forked pole on which to rest the handles of their burden when they should be relieved by eager volunteers.

Perfecta and I struggled outside to the gateway of the church so that we could see the procession as it emerged from the dark archway into the light of the plaza. The life-size images, all with human hair and bulky vestments, were mounted on platforms, lavishly adorned with vases of flowers and electric lights. The supporting poles rested upon strong shoulders, but sometimes a frail old woman would cling to a trailing ribbon or cord, her wrinkled face ecstatic with the illusion that she too was helping to bear the burden.

First of all comes Saint John, clad in a wine-colored cloak, his brown hair agleam with a golden aureole. Between tall silver vases of white flowers the regal figure of the Mater Dolorosa emerges from the darkened arch, her waxen profile in touching contrast with her black velvet robe. The royal diadem of the Queen of Heaven flashes like lightning above dark clouds, and sparks flicker from the jeweled stars spangling

her trailing vestments. As she moves nearer we can see the fragile lace handkerchief in her pale hands and the silver dagger piercing her anguished heart.

## Angels in Maribou

The almost unbearable tension relaxes as children are marshaled into line by the worried nuns of the parochial school. Little boys in long red cassocks stride along importantly, only a surreptitious kick or two suggesting that they are the same gamins who swing on our farm gate, squealing, "Seno-o-ora, give us some ma-a-angos." And where are the village girls whom we are accustomed to see in school uniform with black alpaca skirts and long white cotton stockings? There they come, transformed in long beige robes, their rebellious black curls bound in severe nunlike coils. Some of them hold lighted candles, and some carry banners with pictures of Biblical scenes. They try to sing hymns, but by the time the last in the line have joined in, the leaders have already launched into another tune.

Here comes a whole cloudful of baby angels, accompanied by beaming parents. Cherubim in pink and blue, with wings shired or sheer, bordered with tinsel or soft feathers. The first-grade angels fold their chubby hands in self-conscious piety, but the kindergarten angels sleepily suck their thumbs. Too bad the wired wings cannot relieve the stiff white Sunday shoes from trudging the weary hours of that long procession.

"Behold La Magdalena!" A group of youths lounging in the park take a sudden interest in the proceedings as she sweeps by. For this role is chosen the maiden with the longest hair. Soft

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HAMILTON, CANADA

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and black, it cascades over her blue satin robe. Her tight-sleeved arms are folded and her eyes downcast in apparent unconsciousness of the compliments that bestrew her path like tossed bouquets.

The end of the procession is drawing near. The padre, his black cope held by lace-clad acolytes, admonishes the band as they fall into line. Their wailing dirge sets the rhythm of the image-bearers as they sway from side to side, alternately relieving the burden on their shoulders.

"At last, the box! The box of the dead!" A long-drawn sigh breathes over the anxious faces, as if sprays of wilting jasmine had been uplifted by a chill breeze. The candle-bearers line both sides of the street, their flames flickering along the sides of the glass coffin as the pallbearers come abreast of us. The electric light bulb, fastened under the golden crown in the crest of the glass lid, glares pitilessly down upon the stark figure, half-concealed under the flower-strewn sheet.

"Ay, senora," breathes a faint voice beside me, "How beautiful! Is it not?" Shadowed by a black lace mantilla, a wizened face peers up at me. The stooped little figure lifts her trembling hands, from which dangles a worn rosary, and wipes her eyes.

"Si, senora," I reply. "Will you do me the favor to tell me where the procession will end?"

"They will make many turns through the streets, but at last San Juan will escort La Dolorosa back to the church, and the Crucified One will be carried to that house there across the plaza for the wake. We shall not leave Him alone for one minute during the whole night."

I know how these warm-hearted people express their condolence in times of grief with the sympathetic phrase, "I accompany you in your sorrow." How natural it seems to them to watch beside that glass coffin all night long, "to accompany him."

"And later in the night," the old lady continued, "La Soledad will go out from the church all alone, looking through all the streets for her Son."

"Do you mean the Mater Dolorosa?" I asked, somewhat puzzled.

"No, senora. When the Blessed Virgin goes out this time she is called La Soledad, the Solitary One. Do you not have these processions in your country?"

I explained to her that in my home town I had never seen any observances of Good Friday, but that we celebrated Easter.

"How strange," she said, "to rejoice when He is living but not to accompany Him in His anguish."

### The Saturday of Glory

Next morning Perfecta tiptoed solemnly around the house until the church bells rang out across the fields. "Ten o'clock," she said with a sigh of relief, "now Jesus is in glory, so they say. Are you going to the dance tonight, senora?"

"Dance, Perfecta? In Holy Week?"

"But today is the Saturday of Glory, senora, and one should celebrate it with rejoicings of all kinds."

Here was the keynote I had been sensing—"with rejoicings of all kinds!" For the Latin temperament there is no artificial separation between the religious and the secular, the spiritual and the healthily normal. These are all blended together, like life itself, in a fiesta!

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On Easter morning sunlight slanted through the blue latticework of the back porch, making a checkered pattern on the wine-red floor. Modesto, our gardener, in a clean Sunday undershirt, was framed in the arch at the end of the porch, watering the hanging pots of ribbon grass.

"Are you going to The Encounter this morning?"

"What is that, The Encounter?"

"Don't you know, senora? It is a custom very antique in Santiago. On Good Friday, when the faithful remained for the wake beside the Crucified One in His glass box, La Dolorosa was finally carried to another place. I do not know where exactly, but it is of no import. The question is that she has been separated from her Son since day before yesterday and does not yet know that He has risen from the dead. And so, this morning, when she is awakened by the bells, she directs herself toward—"

Suddenly abashed in the midst of his Easter sermon, Modesto seized the watering can and began to sprinkle the succulents.

"But go yourself, senora, to see how it is, The Encounter."

Hurriedly we finished our Easter eggs and hastened toward the village.

Down the street swayed the image of La Dolorosa, still clad in her black velvet mourning robes, but even more pallid after her futile search.

"Behold, He comes!" murmured an ecstatic voice behind me, and I turned to recognize the devout old lady who had talked to me on Good Friday. Shading her dim eyes with a vein-knotted hand, she had turned her back upon La Dolorosa and was peering eagerly down the street in the opposite direction. "The Resurrected One advances to surprise His Holy Mother," she breathed.

Like an aureole the Eastern sky glowed behind Him as He progressed triumphantly with His hand upraised in benediction over the rejoicing people. Slowly the two images approached, as though floating above the heads of the excited crowd, until at last they confronted each other.

"El Encuentro! El Encuentro!" shouted the throng as each image gravely curtsied three times, while the old church bells rang so joyously that they almost seemed in tune.

Loving hands had adorned the Resurrected One in fine batiste, delicately embroidered and frilled with lace. Artificial flowers were pinned all over the drapery, which was caught up on one hip by an enormous bow of pink satin ribbon. Soft brown curls fell over His bare shoulders, and in His left hand he carried a white banner emblazoned with the cross of Saint James, patron saint of the village.

All the participants of the Good Friday procession again formed an escort, with only a few changes. Saint Veronica did not carry her miraculous veil, the padre was resplendent in gold-embroidered cope of stiff white satin, and the baby angels were all awake and smiling.

And so the Resurrected One, accompanied by His Holy Mother and Saint John, entered His church amid the joyous acclamations of His parishioners. Their faces radiant with the reflected joy of this family reunion, the villagers dispersed happily toward their own homes. We waved good-bye to the baby angels and returned to the farm. +



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Another Dominion Corset Creation

## Storm Centre

Continued from page 9

funny "John Loves Mary." The experts shook their heads, declaring that the distinguished drama critic imported for the occasion from London—Philip Hope-Wallace—wasn't likely to declare a brittle American farce the winner. Their clincher was that it was without "significance." Hope-Wallace put them into a state of shock by awarding it the Bessborough Trophy. This hit broke through the polite reserve the audience had shown up to then . . . and culture got the brush-off!

Behind the final handful of regional winners at last year's Festival were 65 entries . . . 65 plays staged in church halls, high-school auditoriums, in cellars and kitchens. Schoolteachers, cabbies, homemakers and college juniors—all kinds of amateur-play enthusiasts spend their leisure studying lines, hammering up sets, begging props . . . anything to have a share in the show.

Competition sparks community loyalty. Royal City rooters donated enough cash to finance the trip of their Vagabond Players from New Westminster to the finals in Toronto last year, and many scouted attics in response to a news item in the British Columbian: "Any animals—glass that is—to loan the Vagabond Players for 'The Glass Menagerie'?" Prairie people in Regina dug down into their pockets and told the Regina Little Theatre group, who had been cut out of the finals by the judge's decision, to go along and find what gave, anyway. Small businesses and ordinary citizens supply the money to see hometown stars get to the Festival. After all, anything might happen—wasn't Broadway actress Judith Evelyn a winner in '36?

### Postwar Enthusiasm Waning

Almost all little-theatre companies carry on against discouraging odds. Their basic need is leadership—sadly inadequate in some areas. They lack theatre libraries, too, where good plays could be obtained. And they face two ever-present hurdles—no money and no rehearsal space. (Hollywood movie chains control most of the theatre space in this country.) Isolation is another handicap. Too often the play put on is the only live stage a company gets to see.

Yet according to CBC's Andrew Allen, there's no lack of talent in Canada.

You haven't a play until you have an audience. And the DDF has done little to crack the "vast indifference" of the Canadian public toward theatre.

Independent drama leaders agree that if we are to have a thriving, popular theatre we must patronize the local theatrical group instead of the corner movie house. Struggling against celluloid odds may seem a big order. But it could be done if the groups offered entertainment, at reasonable prices.

Such hard-headed talk brings a flurry of protests from the culture crowd. Mavor Moore of Toronto's successful New Play Society feels that theatre in Canada can affect the culture of the world, and we "will not accomplish this by going into it on a commercial basis."

In spite of such head-in-the-clouds talk, the crass financial note must be faced. The DDF presents a financial



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admired



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poser. Chairman D. Park Jamieson estimates operating costs at \$30,000 a year for the next five years. And the question of "where's the money to come from?" looms larger each year.

Provinces and cities have helped out in the past, but Jamieson is stumping for a federal subsidy, an art grant such as is being given in Britain.

Some assistance does come from the Physical Fitness Division of the Dept. of National Health and Welfare. But a government director pointed out a harsh truth—government moneys go to the people, not the DDF. If the citizen's interest turns to other things, the money will be withdrawn from stage work.

Though hampered by lack of money, the DDF is attempting a survey of Canadian playwrighting—the first of its kind. They have found so far some 370 playwrights here, who have turned out 400 stage plays.

In turn, the men who write the plays have been surveying the Festival. Irish-Canadian John Coulter, whose work has been produced in Dublin's Abbey Theatre, summed up the scene: "Drama in Canada is muddling along incompetently."

Robertson Davies, whose "Fortune My Foe" is probably Canada's best-known play, comments acidly: "Playwrighting here is a wonderful way to get poor."

He threw some light on why little-theatre companies tackle traditional classics: "They're not imaginative in these groups . . . why should they be? They have to put on plays which come complete with historical accuracy, footnotes galore, and diagrams on where to set up the lights."

Robertson Davies feels Canadians are not able to stand on their own feet. One reason why a playwright must get his play produced in England or the States is so he can come home and write plays. Only then is he certified so far as Canada is concerned.

While they want their work measured by a longer tape than loyalty, our playwrights feel strongly that it's the responsibility of the DDF to give Canadians the opportunity of seeing Canadian plays.

From the critics' side of the fence comes a blast that Canadians should be smart enough to judge the drama of their own countrymen. What's more, writer Morley Callaghan doesn't think it possible "to take one man and have him act as final authority." Callaghan advances his own scheme—have three Canadian critics judge the annual competition.

Davies agrees there is no such thing as an absolute authority but "you must pretend there is for the purposes of competition," and he noted with shrewd wit, "No three leading Canadian critics could speak their minds at the Festival and still remain leading Canadian critics."

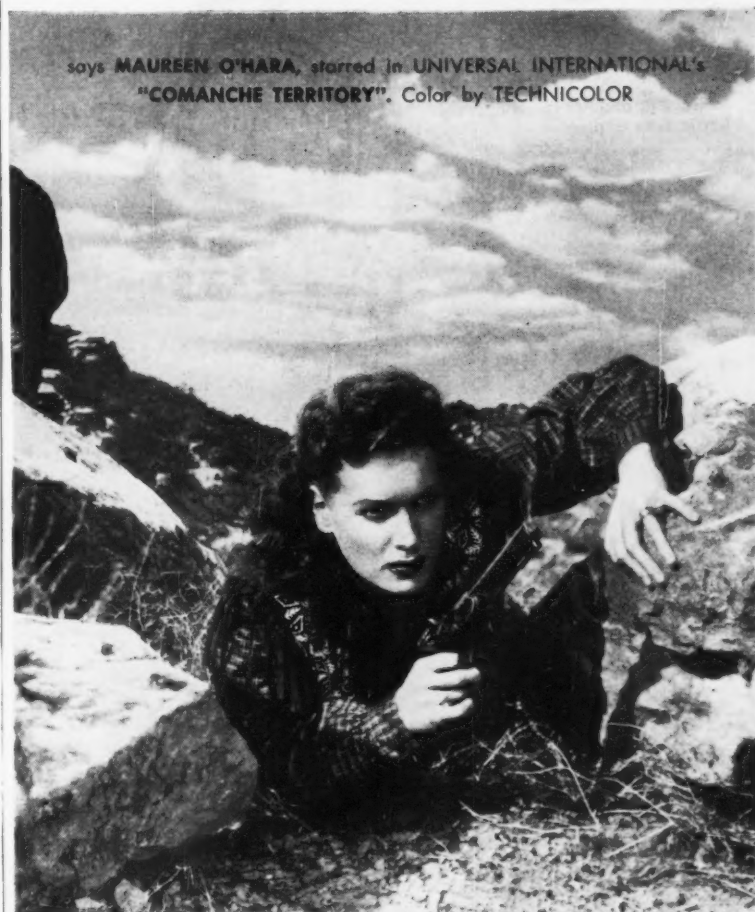
Willy-nilly the DDF is becoming our Broadway toward which all effort is directed. It receives the patronage of society, and at least some moneys from government agencies. To the actors and actresses it is a meeting place of kindred souls. All come together to learn, one company from the other.

On a national level, it is jockeying for position. We lack a Canadian Theatre Association. We have no national centre of the world-wide Inter-

Continued on page 59

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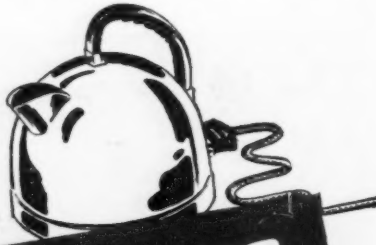
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**TEEN PAGE****The Record Player**

Doris Day — here to stay

SOME OF this season's top records are inspired by Walt Disney's new screen fantasy, "Cinderella" . . . considered his best animated creation since Snow White. A colorful musical score is peppered with gay and tuneful hits. Bluebird has Cinderella herself—Ilene Woods—the speaking and singing voice of Cinderella in the film. With a voice as sweet as the dawn song of a bird, Ilene does a fine job on *Bibbidi-Bobbidi Boo*, *So This Is Love* (the waltz from the big ball scene), *A Dream Is a Wish Your Heart Makes* and *The Cinderella Work Song*. You've got everything here but the pumpkin!

If Cinderella isn't your dish . . . how about the songs from Broadway's new hit musical, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"? Columbia, who boasts unabashedly about its albums of "South Pacific," "Kiss Me Kate" and "Miss Liberty" have brought out this new original cast album, featuring

With the Modernaires and Axel Stordahl's orchestra he indulges in a little close harmony on *Sorry and W. Remind me* (Columbia).

Speaking of crooners, young and upcoming Bill Lawrence is definite swoon calibre. He's much in the vogue in the limelight these days—deservedly so. RCA Victor has his latest, *In My Little Red Book and Cry-Baby Heart*.

Rosemary Clooney, who used to warble with Tony Pastor, pulls on her high boots, straddles a fence rail down in Tombstone Gulch and lets loose with *Why Don't You Haul Off And Love Me* (Columbia). Pardnuh, you'll love it.

No singer is more homespun than Burl Ives, and Decca has an album of his *Ballads and Folk Songs* that make mighty fine listenin'.



Dinah Shore — still tops

You'll want to lend a shell pink ear to two great tunes by Dinah Shore and the late Buddy Clark, *Lucky Us* and *Nobody's Home at My House* (Columbia).

There's no escaping the Western influence, even on a Saturday night (they're square dancing even on the Normandie Roof at the Mount Royal in Montreal). If your recreation room floor can stand it, stack on a dozen square dances and do-si-dos. RCA Victor gets the hoedown under way with Pee Wee King and his Golden West Cowboys. Ask for *Square Dances With Calls*.

Vaughn Monroe and his band have been hard at work, too. *Bamboo* is their latest for RCA Victor, and you'll agree it's right out of this hemisphere, with rain beating down on a bamboo hut and tropical tom-toms. All this, and Vaughn's dynamic vocal, too!

Latest word is that the current fad for western folk tunes is to be replaced by authentic Dixie. So latch on to the finest lineup of Dixie talent with Columbia's album, *Dixie by Dorsey*.

The Metropolitan Opera's beautiful young soprano Dorothy Kirsten joins John Scott Trotter and his orchestra in a new role—as a singer of popular standards. *You Go to My Head* and *More Than You Know* are sung in her superior vocal style (Victor Red Seal).



Frank Sinatra — fortune's favorite

colorful Carol Channing. It's the next best thing to two on the aisle.

Doris Day is here to stay—and she's just waxed two standouts to prove it. *I Don't Wanna Be Kissed* and *With You Anywhere You Are* is followed by *Save a Little Sunbeam* and *Mama, What'll I Do* (Columbia).

Fortune's favorite, Frank Sinatra, has a newie ready for your record player.



Continued from page 57

national Theatre Institute, project of UNESCO. If the mantle of drama leader is to fall on the DDF, some changes may be called for.

Festival executives admit the present Festival setup is becoming unwieldy. Clinging to the rule book is only creating dissension. This issue came to a boil in 1949, when Manitoba and Saskatchewan were excluded from the final Festival. Burned-up westerners dubbed the DDF an eastern show with a couple of poor country cousins from the West invited. The problem is, should the Festival have representatives from all regions, or is it to be a showcase for those plays the judge thinks are best? There are now 12 drama regions . . . and it is impossible to extend the final Festival more than a week.

Hope-Wallace, last year's adjudicator, points up the judge's dilemma. In a Festival in which he had to weigh classic tragedy and comedy on the same scales, he found himself in the position of a man who must say which is better made, a car or an omelet. And what was his standard of criticism to be—professional or amateur?

But the biggest problem facing the DDF is a human one. Once the actors have had their brief hour in the national spotlight, and have received the usual hardware of prize giving, the DDF offers nothing more. There is an abrupt end of the party, when their performances should be the beginning of something, instead of the conclusion.

As news critic Margaret Aiken notes: "The Dominion Drama Festival is not professional-minded."

Perhaps a workable solution might be found if the DDF lowered its sights. If groups considered entertainment as important as culture. No need to concentrate on the John Loves Marys, but put on good, pointed plays and encourage Canadian ones. Interest a paying public, and together learn to enjoy a living theatre. Players and audience must work together until they are both able to appreciate Racine, O'Neill, Ibsen, Shakespeare and Molière.

Talent must find opportunity at year-round work. Such a DDF could not pay its own way, but government grants could help. Winning players might make a trans-Canada tour. Or a touring company might be formed from the most talented of several years' entries.

Grants will come if the DDF proves willing to assume a part in developing a national spirit, in becoming a medium for expression of Canadian feeling. If it promotes a common understanding, speaking for and to the nation. If it does these things, support must follow.

We have the talent—but it's being enjoyed in London and in Paris. "The Male Animal" recently opened in London's West End with a half dozen young Canadian actors and actresses who couldn't find any future for their profession in Canada. In less than a week they found dazzling success.

Arthur Hill, a Vancouver lad who has become the hit of London, says, "I think Canadians really have a chance here."

Actually, Canadians don't need to worry about a national theatre. It has taken root in London.

But it would be a stimulus if the aspiring amateur, in Prince Rupert or Sackville, starting out on the road to the DDF finals could also see a future ahead—in his own country. +

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\*Baked Spiced Ham Butt  
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Succotash  
Raw Relish Tray  
\*Peach and Pineapple Upside-down Cake

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#### Crusty Corn Casserole

1 1/4 cups fine cracker crumbs  
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OR 1/2 cup finely chopped celery  
1 tablespoon finely chopped onion  
2 tablespoons fat  
2 tablespoons flour  
1 cup milk  
1 No. 2 can corn (2 1/2 cups)  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1 teaspoon sugar  
2 eggs, slightly beaten

**METHOD:** Combine cracker crumbs and melted butter or margarine. Press the crumb mixture evenly on bottom and sides of a deep 9-inch pie plate, reserving 1/4 cup for the top. Cook green pepper and onion in the fat until onion is transparent. Blend in flour and cook until bubbly. Gradually add milk and

cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add corn, salt, sugar and eggs. Mix well. Pour into crust. Top with remaining crumbs. Bake in a hot oven (400 degrees F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Yield: 6 servings.

*Approved by Chatelaine Institute*

**Baked Ham With Spiced Applesauce**—Bake a 6-pound ham butt (allowing 30 minutes per pound) fat side up in a slow oven (300 degrees F.). About 45 minutes before it is done, remove rind and score fat. Insert a whole clove in each square. Combine 1 cup canned applesauce with 1/2 teaspoon ground allspice and 1/4 cup brown sugar. Spread mixture over ham. Return to oven and continue baking, basting several times.

**Duchess Potato Balls**—Beat one egg yolk into 2 cups hot, seasoned, mashed potatoes. Form into balls and



### Menu 3

(Family Dinner)

- \*Mock Duck
- Browned Potatoes
- Green Peas
- Lettuce Wedges
- Olive & Cheese Dressing
- \*Rhubarb Betty

### Menu 4

(Chinese Supper)

- Clear Soup
- \*Veal and Rice
- Oriental Green Beans with Almonds
- Tossed Salad with Orange Sections
- \*Chrysanthemum Custard Pie

## Menus for April



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roll in corn flakes. Brown in the oven. Four servings.

**Peach and Pineapple Upside-down Cake**—Line a cake pan with a mixture of brown sugar and melted butter. Lay alternate wedges of canned peaches and canned pineapple on top of this. Pour white cake batter (your own or your favorite packaged mix) over all. Bake. Turn upside-down to serve.

#### Mock Duck

Flatten a 1½- to 2-pound piece of round steak or flank steak and pound it lightly with the edge of a pie plate. Make a dressing with 4 cups soft bread crumbs, ¼ cup chopped onion, salt, pepper, ½ teaspoon each of sage and savory and ¼ cup melted fat. Pack on top of meat and roll up like a jellyroll. Tie with cord and seal ends. Brown in hot dripping in frying pan until well browned on all sides. Lift into oven casserole. Add 1 cup hot

water to frying pan and stir (to make unthickened gravy). Pour this over meat in casserole. Cover and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for 1½ to 2 hours or until tender, turning meat once during baking period. Remove meat to hot platter and thicken gravy. Yield: 6 to 7 servings.

**Rhubarb Betty**—Place alternate layers of cut rhubarb and cubed bread in a buttered casserole. Sprinkle each layer with brown sugar, grated lemon rind and melted butter. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for 20 minutes, or until crusty on top, then cover and bake until rhubarb is tender.

**Veal and Rice Oriental**—Brown 1 pound veal, cut in bite-size pieces, in 2 tablespoons fat. Add ½ cup chopped onions, ½ cup uncooked rice, 2½ cups water, 2 to 4 tablespoons soy sauce and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Bring to the boil, then simmer for ½ hour. Add 1 can

Continued on next page

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It's the new Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast! The modern form of Fleischmann's Yeast, relied on by three generations of Canadian women. No change in your recipes—just substitute one package of Fleischmann's new Dry Yeast for each cake of old-style yeast. Order a month's supply of Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast.

### BUTTERFLY BUNS (Makes 20 Buns)

Measure into a large bowl  
 1/2 cup lukewarm water  
 1 teaspoon granulated sugar  
 and stir until sugar is dissolved.  
 Sprinkle with contents of  
 1 envelope Fleischmann's Royal  
 Fast Rising Dry Yeast  
 Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well.  
 In the meantime, scald  
 3/4 cup milk  
 1/4 cup granulated sugar  
 1 1/2 teaspoons salt  
 1/4 cup shortening  
 Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm;  
 add to yeast mixture. Stir in  
 1 well-beaten egg  
 Stir in  
 2 cups once-sifted bread flour  
 and beat until smooth; work in  
 2 1/2 cups once-sifted bread flour.  
 Turn out on lightly-floured board and  
 knead dough lightly until smooth and  
 elastic. Place in greased bowl, brush top  
 with melted butter or shortening. Cover  
 and set dough in warm place, free from  
 draught and let rise until doubled in bulk.  
 While dough is rising, combine  
 1/2 cup brown sugar (lightly  
 pressed down)  
 1 1/2 teaspoons ground cinnamon  
 1/2 cup washed and dried seedless  
 raisins  
 1/4 cup chopped candied peels  
 Punch down dough and divide into 2 equal  
 portions; form into smooth balls. Roll each

piece into an oblong 24 inches long and  
 7 1/2 inches wide; loosen dough.  
 Spread each oblong with  
 2 tablespoons soft butter or  
 margarine  
 and sprinkle with the raisin mixture. Be-  
 ginning at the long edges, roll each side up  
 to the centre, jelly-roll fashion. Flatten  
 slightly and cut each strip crosswise into  
 10 pieces. Using a lightly-floured handle  
 of a knife, make a deep crease in the centre  
 of each bun, parallel to the cut sides. Place,  
 well apart, on greased cookie sheets.  
 Grease tops. Cover and let rise until  
 doubled in bulk. Bake in moderately hot  
 oven, 375°, about 18 minutes. If desired,  
 cool and spread with confectioners' icing.



cream of mushroom soup and 1 can chicken rice soup and cook for 30 minutes longer. Add 1 cup chopped celery and continue cooking for 15 minutes more. Yield: 6 to 8 large servings.

### Chrysanthemum Custard Pie

1 nine-inch unbaked pie shell  
 2 cups milk  
 3 eggs or 6 egg yolks  
 1/2 cup granulated sugar  
 1/2 teaspoon salt  
 1/2 teaspoon vanilla  
 1 four-ounce package preserved  
 ginger  
 2 tablespoons blanched, slivered  
 and toasted almonds

**METHOD:** Brush pie shell with 1  
 teaspoon melted butter and chill thor-  
 oughly in refrigerator. Scald milk.  
 Lightly beat eggs with sugar and salt.  
 Gradually add scalded milk. Add  
 vanilla and fold in 2 tablespoons of the  
 preserved ginger, chopped finely. Pour  
 into chilled unbaked pie shell and place  
 on bottom rack in preheated hot oven  
 (450 degrees F.). Reduce oven indicator  
 to 325 degrees F. immediately and bake  
 until custard is set or until a silver knife  
 inserted in centre comes out clean.  
 (About 45 to 50 minutes.) Remove from  
 oven and allow to cool. Cut remaining  
 ginger in thin strips and place on top  
 of pie, with almonds, to form a chry-  
 santhemum. If desired, make a stem  
 and leaves with citron peel or green  
 cherries.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

## To Live With a Man

Continued from page 5

in fact, it needn't be shattering at all. Before turning the stage over to the councilors, let's see what the professional philosophers have to say about happiness and marriage.

"Marriage," we quote, "was never intended for the happiness of men and women, but for the making and rearing of children."

Those with illusions still intact will fly defiantly in the teeth of such cynical man-talk. Nevertheless, one of our councilors in Nova Scotia—a woman—has this to say:

"Marriage has always been considered a risk, a chance, a gamble and at best a means of survival for the human race. Even the church gives marriage only a 50-50 chance when it states in the wedding ceremony 'for better for worse for richer for poorer' . . . Great advances have been made through the years in improved health and living conditions, but the chances for a happy and successful marriage seem to be lower at the present time than ever before. Human beings are able to improve everything in the world but themselves."

After sifting through nearly 2,000 briefs on the subject, the most important conclusion we reached was that a successful marriage is not dependent on money—lots or little; on business success—great or small; on education—formal or informal; on children—none or many. Nor does it depend on the resolving of great dramatic problems.

FOR YOUR

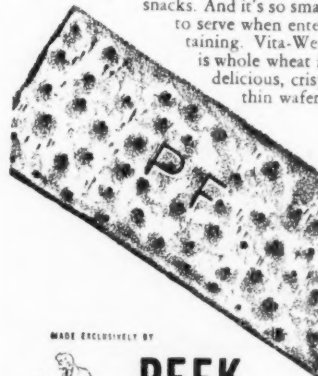
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In our search for significant answers to happiness in marriage, the unusual summing-up, we kept stumbling over the commonplace words—tact, courtesy, thoughtfulness, consideration, but these weren't exciting enough.

Such statements as, "There can be no success in marriage without Christian faith and principles"—"No success in a union not blessed by God"—"Marriage is a sacrament"—"The home is a sacred institution," may be grand oratorical music but they don't offer a working plan.

On the other hand the councilor who said, "Don't save all your party manners for your friends," offered a bit of digestible advice.

But a Quebec councilor has in our estimation come up with the most practical plan. She says: "Whoever laid the foundation for success in Alcoholics Anonymous laid the foundation for success in marriage. In A. A. there is no long-term plan to get rid of the drinking habit. You don't say, 'I'll never take another drink.' You simply say, 'I won't take a drink for the next 24 hours.' So with marriage. Never mind last week or next month, *now* is your concern. Live the next 24 hours as though they were the last with that man or woman you're married to and the divorce courts will never get you."

The very lack of dramatics in this statement seems to be shared by all our councilors and is shown in their answers to such straightforward questions as: "What virtue or quality in a husband makes the biggest contribution to a happy marriage?"

The majority answered: "Thought-

fulness, consideration, kindness, understanding." All of them synonyms.

And what do you think these same women consider to be the most endearing quality in a husband? An even greater majority repeat with what may seem to be monotonous regularity, "Thoughtfulness, consideration, kindness, understanding" — almost as though it were the only lamp to light the way. This comes as a shock to those of us who have noticed that the majority of girls, before marriage, don't seem to single out for attention the most thoughtful or considerate young men.

If thoughtfulness and consideration make the biggest contribution to a happy marriage, what single factor contributes most to an unhappy marriage?

Again the majority disregard the dramatics. It isn't "liquor," or "other women" or "too many nights out with the boys" or "sex incompatibility," it is just plain downright selfishness.

Concerning fussy or irritating habits, we asked our councilors what they felt topped the list as far as their own husbands were concerned.

The majority replied, "Untidiness and carelessness at home," qualified in most cases with, "He doesn't pick things up. He drops his ashes all over the place."

The second group of annoying habits comes under the heading of "personal mannerisms," such as, "biting nails, snoring, etc."

But in answer to the question, "Did you try to break these habits or did you learn to live with them?" a very wise and overwhelming majority replied: "Learned to live with them." +



## Way to a man's heart... A Full Cookie Jar!



"Men dearly love homemade cookies," says Martha Logan, Swift's Home Economist. "In fact your whole family enjoys them! And cookies are so easy to bake. Get my new Jewel Recipe Book and read about wonderful cookies

I've found to be sure-fire successes. There are literally dozens of exciting ideas—with fine illustrations and easy-to-follow recipes. My new Jewel Recipe Book is a grand help preparing desserts and meals! You'll want yours right away."\*

### Bake this favourite — Lemon Drop Cookies

¾ cup Jewel Shortening	1 cup sifted pastry flour or
¾ cup finely granulated sugar	¾ cup sifted all-purpose flour
2 eggs beaten	1 cup sifted corn starch
1 tsp. grated lemon rind	2 tsps. baking powder
½ tsp. vanilla	½ tsp. salt
	½ tsp. almond flavouring

Cream Jewel and gradually work in sugar. (Notice how easily and how jiffy-quickly Jewel creams!) Add beaten eggs a little at a time—beating well after each addition. Add lemon rind, vanilla and almond flavouring. Blend. Sift together flour, corn starch, baking powder and salt. Add gradually, combining thoroughly after each addition. Chill until firm. Drop dough by spoonfuls on cookie sheets. Centre with bits of cherry. Bake at 300°F. about 22 minutes. Yield—5 dozen crisp lemon drops everyone will love!

SWIFT CANADIAN CO. LIMITED

## \*How to Get Your Copy

For your Jewel Recipe Book, send your name and address, the box top from a package of famous Jewel Shortening, with 10¢ to cover cost of mailing and handling, to Swift Canadian Co. Limited, Dept. C, Toronto 9, Ont.

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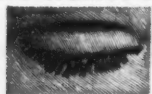
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# Your Garden in Spring



by A. Earl Cox

IT JUST takes a whiff of spring air, the smell of damp earth, longer days and warmer sunshine, to send most of us out to the tool shed to mull over gardening equipment and seed catalogues.

If given a push in the right direction, this first keen enthusiasm will pay dividends from spring through summer and well into autumn. It's just as easy to have your garden a success as a failure, if you know the fundamentals.

**Good Soil**—is neither too light and sandy nor too stiff and heavy. The best soil should be porous and crumbly and contain plenty of humus. Humus is made of decaying vegetable matter—manure, or last year's leaves which have been left to rot. Dig this humus well into the earth before you start planting. Soil containing plenty of humus "warms up" earlier in the spring and is more capable of holding moisture during hot spells.

It's poor economy for a gardener to cut out commercial plant food from his gardening budget. It helps ensure sturdier plants and lovelier flowers. Nitrogen, phosphorus and potash are the three essential plant food elements.

Nitrogen promotes top growth . . . "green things up" so to speak.

Phosphorus stimulates root growth. Potash is a builder of plant tissue and makes plants resistant to disease.

After applying plant food, water well so that the food elements may be absorbed by the root system.

**Early Spring Bulbs**—Crocuses, narcissi, hyacinths and tulips are the most popular early spring flowers. They are

grown from bulbs. October and November are the usual times for bulb planting and the beds should be covered with a mound of dirt or leaves before winter.

Crocuses are planted 3 inches apart and 3 inches in depth; hyacinths 6 inches apart and 3 inches in depth; narcissi, 8 inches apart and 5 inches in depth; tulips 5 inches apart and 5 inches in depth.

Bulbs grow best in well-drained soil with plenty of sand and humus. Manure or commercial plant food should be well dug in around the bulb, but never allowed to come in direct contact.

The most important "don't" is—don't cut the foliage after the flowers have gone. Allow foliage to ripen and die naturally because next season's leaves and flowers are formed in the bulb during this ripening period.

**Garden Layout**—Color combinations that harmonize are important in planning a garden. Instead of pink petunias screaming at red salvia, you'd substitute white or balcony-blue petunias and in that way achieve color harmony. Evergreens make a delightful background for either the front or the back of your house. April and September are the two best months to set them out. Here again it's a case of planting the right type of tree according to size, habit of growth and space. Low-growing types can be used under windows. Tall columnar ones should be planted between windows. Remember a tree must have growing room. Don't plant it too close to the wall. +



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**"EXPORT"**  
CANADA'S FINEST  
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## Home Was Never Like This

Continued from page 3

their teeth on a Canadian stage? Starving is just as easy in Montreal as in Hollywood. Australia has a mere eight million people against Canada's 12 million, yet its largest city, Sydney, supports two theatres for vaudeville and musical comedy, a full-time professional theatre for top-ranking plays, plus any number of repertory companies where almost any night you can see good stage.

Let's turn to another chapter, kiddies. Food. So you think that food is food the world over? Ah—ah, but that's where you're wrong, lady. Let me come right out now and say that—your food is wonderful. So are your restaurants. Where I used to beg and crawl on my hands and knees back home to get a glass of water with my meal, here it's put down in front of me before I order. Even if the order is just an ice-cream sundae. What's more, it's cold. None of this lukewarm stuff. You don't serve fish with fish knives (at least I haven't seen one yet), but your fish is out of this world. Gaspé salmon, grilled. Mmm!

Things I haven't got used to: ham with pineapple, sausages with griddle cakes, coleslaw, and teabags. Those teabags. The first time I saw one I thought I'd die but since the first shock I've got used to the idea. In fact, I'll go so far as to concede it's a very handy thing for people who live in rooms and can't wash the tea leaves down a drain. But that is as far as I'll go.

And bran muffins. My face is still red from the bran muffins (without butter, without anything) that I served for afternoon tea for some friends in Vancouver. I thought they were cupcakes.

### The Turnabout Seasons

Then there are the seasons. And the weather. Maybe you couldn't imagine a Christmas with the temperature 110 degrees in the shade. You couldn't imagine sitting on a hot beach Christmas Day sipping ice drinks. Or going for a swim after a Christmas dinner of cold turkey and ice cream.

Then think how long it took me to get used to Christmas with the temperature down below freezing point. To get used to pulling back the curtains and finding a whole landscape changed by an overnight blanket of snow. To find my way around a district in summer that looked so different in winter. To walk on an icy sidewalk without falling flat on my face. To feel a frozen ear.

Another thing I had to get used to—swimming without danger of sharks. After a lifetime of swimming with shark alarms, sharkproof fences and shark patrols, it's hard to plunge overboard without using caution. Instead, I've got used to bloodsuckers and poison ivy.

This turnabout of the seasons and weather gives you a new look at life. Easter, for instance. For the first time I get the full meaning of Easter. I feel sorry for people who've never seen Easter as it really is—a rebirth of nature. To see a country frozen in with snow and ice suddenly come to life with flowers and green. I love those crazy Easter bonnets. The boardwalk parades. The first sunny day. Back home Easter isn't an awakening. It's the first sign, the first touch, of winter. +

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Over 30? Use Special Salon Treatment Lotion, 6.00  
and Special Salon Treatment Oil, 4.50, 10.00  
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- For slight skin irritations, or chapping, use wonder-working Eight-Hour Cream, 1.75, 3.00.

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Any needle prick can become infected. Never take a chance!

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any needle prick



in the stew, watch you putting your hair up in curlers, and comment on your method, curler by curler; litter up your house, make endless snacks and spread them out wherever you are working, leave the butter out, the breadbox open, and the sink littered with coffee cups, loaf around all morning and start throwing sparks when everyone else is in bed, and generally apply working methods of a kind that are usually described only to psychiatrists. He'll be free, all right. Man! Will he be free!

He won't be around the house in the sense that he'd be around if he were retired—reading and pruning petunias. He'll be around in four-alarm Technicolor. Remember, the kind of a man you've married has what is termed an active mind. He's full of enthusiasms, and you'll see them all in broad daylight. He's sparked by ideas, and for every one that fires there are 10 that short-circuit. Most husbands, coming across a book, say, on how to develop will power, make some remark like, "There might be something in that," then go down to the workbench and forget about it. Your husband, if there's something in it, will get it out if he has to go after it with his bare teeth.

During various phases of my husband's reading I've watched him learn to relax, starting with his toes and working up to his ears, on the chesterfield, on the floor, on beds, chairs and standing up; go around being calm and philosophical, with an effect on me of watching someone put too much air in a tire, try to make a scale model of an internal combustion engine until I've often longed for a husband with the emotional tone of a cold plate of turnip who'd kiss me good-by at eight-thirty and hello at five and do something no more complicated than stamping envelopes in between.

About now you're probably rolling your eyes and saying: "Okay. Okay. We're going to take a gamble financially, psychologically and sociologically. I'm going to work and worry and put up with a lot of inconvenience. Isn't it going to be worth the extra effort? Supposing he really has something?"

And I'll come right back at you and say, "Supposing he doesn't?"

That's the question that has often popped into my head. Just supposing he doesn't arrive? Supposing he stays in the minor league. That's the question I want you to face squarely now.

You say you still think it was worth the try? You won't have any regrets?

Now you're talking! That's what I wanted to hear you say. Good for you, and the best of luck.

Now, settle back, my girl, loosen your girdle, and get ready to spend lots of nights at home. Oh, well, look at the money you'll save on sitters. +

## Keep a Spring Date With Beauty in May Chatelaine

Also in this issue:

Hypocrisy at the Box Office  
Man the Vanishing Sex  
Open Letter to Teen-agers

# EASY LEADS AGAIN!



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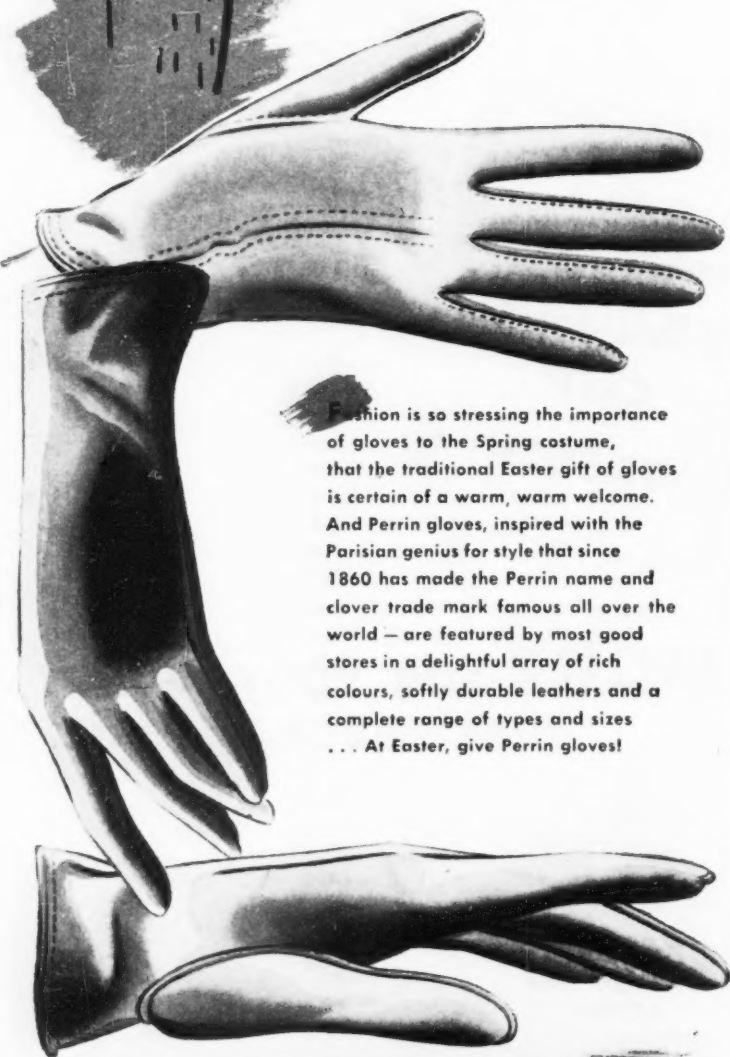


# Easter!

an opportunity to give

## PERRIN GLOVES

so important  
to Spring costumes!



Fashion is so stressing the importance of gloves to the Spring costume, that the traditional Easter gift of gloves is certain of a warm, warm welcome. And Perrin gloves, inspired with the Parisian genius for style that since 1860 has made the Perrin name and clover trade mark famous all over the world — are featured by most good stores in a delightful array of rich colours, softly durable leathers and a complete range of types and sizes . . . At Easter, give Perrin gloves!



Trade mark registered.  
Famous the world over  
since 1860

# PERRIN GLOVES

MADE FOR BOTH LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

## The Stranger

Continued from page 11

Ruthy pushed back her chair, said, as she picked up her books, "This is a nicer house and a nicer school. Everything's nicer."

"Who's arguing?" Corrie frowned and started for the door. She stopped by the mirror for a last look at the perfection of her hair. Bracelets plunged and jangled on her wrists when she moved her arm, and there was something belittling and dismissive in the sound of them. She barely echoed Ruthy's good-by as they went out.

ANNA STOOD looking at her coffee cup, still warm in her hand. She needed the coffee, but her throat was locked, so was her breast, as though pain turned a key, shutting off life. Her thoughts crashed angrily. All the sane logical arguments that she had a perfect right to say, rose and warred with her love for her child.

"Now you see here, young lady . . ."

"Oh Corrie, Corrie darling, you're pretty enough, you don't need quantities of clothes."

"I worked and saved for years so your lives wouldn't be like mine. Do you want to know what mine was like, young lady . . ."

That was the thought that unlocked the anger and pain and soothed her with humility and gratitude.

"No, darling, you don't want to know. And I don't want you to. That's why I worked. So you wouldn't. A basement on Third Street."

For just a second Anna stood blinded by it, then she shrugged. Why should Corrie be grateful because she didn't have to have that, why should she appreciate this . . . this that was her right? Why shouldn't she just accept it and expect the best? It was what her mother wanted for her, to live here in Fairlaw, go to the good suburban school, make friends with the boys and girls who lived here. Why should she be reminded that it was a privilege, that she was lucky? Corrie's acceptance, her very reaching out for more, was progress.

Only there wasn't more. There was just this. She would have to deal with that fact honestly and firmly. Anna moved slowly now about her work, loving her bright kitchen and the two downstairs bedrooms the girls used, her living room with a real fireplace, her dining room with the white corner cupboard. Like a picture book, she thought, like the illustrations in children's storybooks. Of course it had been a wild time to buy. After a lifetime of bargain hunting, to spend twice as much as you normally would, use all your nest egg instead of just part of it. And yet, it was the right time, too. It was giving Corrie at least three years in a nicer neighborhood, in a better school. There was a commercial course there, she could find an office position when she was through, be able to buy all the nice clothes she wanted and have a nice home to bring her friends to. Nice, she thought, was such a small word to be so important.

She sighed. It was tedious going right now, with Corrie wanting so much, Corrie actually being a problem. She had never been a problem before, she'd



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been a smart dependable little girl. A winner, Bert always said, like her mother. And that's what she was. Somehow, without any of them realizing it, Corrie was way ahead of them. Anna felt as though she were struggling after her, hand outstretched, and out of breath.

AT NOON Miss Duane called from school. She taught English and she coached the dramatics group.

Her voice had a note of deep distress. "I'm so disappointed about the play," she said. "Coryn's given up her part and she's far better than the other girl. Do you know what the trouble is?"

"Yes, I do, Miss Duane. It isn't the play, it's the dance afterward. Corrie wants a new dress, and we can't afford one."

"Oh!" Miss Duane's voice dropped. "You let me talk to her again."

Ruthy came home from school first, and made straight for the cookie jar.

"Miss Duane called me," Anna said. Talking to Ruthy was more like thinking out loud. "She doesn't want Corrie to give up her part on account of a dress."

"Ummm," Ruthy nibbled thoughtfully. "Diane has tons of clothes. She has a new dress for every dance. Boy!"

So that was it. Anna saw it. She understood. She understood something else, too, the discipline of self that had to be learned, now or never. There was nothing wrong with the dress Corrie had, it was simply a question of another one.

She brought the matter up at dinner, when Bert was home, needing his backing in the matter. She was glad to put it up to him.

He looked at Corrie thoughtfully, "I wish I could buy it for you, Ducky," was what he said, "but your daddy's a poor man. It was your mother who provided the trimmings, you know."

No one finished that, no one said the rest of it, "If your mother hadn't given up her job..." But they were thinking it, they were thinking how much easier it would be if they had that extra money for luxuries.

Anna looked down the dinner table. "I'm sorry about the dress, Corrie," she said. "But I don't think you should give up the play because of it."

Corrie set down her fork, she spoke patiently, almost as though it were of no interest to her whatever. "Let's not talk about it. I haven't complained. I've just decided what I want to do about it. I want to give up the play. Actually, I'm going to the movies Saturday night with Midgy Martin. She's having a slumber party afterward."

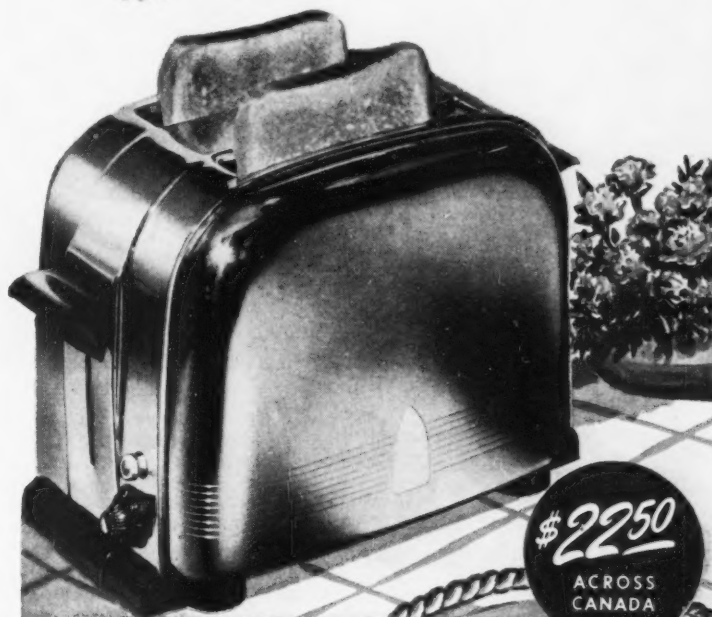
"But think it over, Corrie." "Oh, Miss Duane," Corrie said lightly. "She's just an old busybody. Why, mother, she had absolutely no business to go calling you up. After all, I'm a junior, I'm supposed to manage my own affairs. If there's one thing Junior or Senior parents shouldn't do, it's come trotting up to school about things. Goodness."

"She didn't suggest that," Anna said mildly. "Now, whose turn is it for dishes?"

Corrie sighed deeply. "I have three hours homework," she said.

"Oh you!" Ruthy protested. "I do them every single solitary night."

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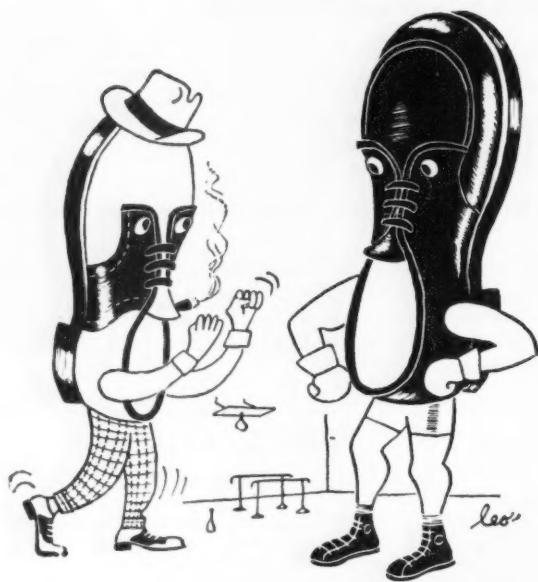
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**DID YOU "NUGGET" YOUR SHOES THIS MORNING?**

"You keep your room all tossed up," Corrie flipped. "Mine is in order."

IT WAS, Anna thought. And Corrie did have homework. "I'll do them," she decided. It was an unhappy situation, she thought as she began stacking the plates and carrying them out. Somehow, straining to get things for Corrie, she was always forgetting Ruthy. She looked at her now, too plump, too wistful, but with an asking devotion in her deep grey glance. "I think that would be just fine. And look, dear, let's try an apple instead of sweets for a while. You're just as pretty as Corrie, you know, if you didn't hide it."

"Really?" Ruthy asked slowly, unbelievably. She darted to the mirror across the room, stood looking closely. Anna, following her, said, "See, you have lovely eyes and your hair curls all by itself. While you're working for the sweater, you could lose a few pounds. Let's surprise Corrie, shall we?"

"O . . . kay." Ruthy's crescendo of reverent surprise reproached her. "And look, you surprise her too. Get yourself something simply knockout. You know, like you did when you went to business every day. Like this . . . look, mother. . . ." And Ruthy turned to walk down the kitchen. She lifted her chin, moved with a sure, gliding step, smiled nicely. "Remember?" Ruthy said. "Then Corrie wouldn't mind her parents coming up to school."

Anna shrank. So that was it! Her suit was not smart any more, it was too tight, too wide at the shoulders. All the fresh jabots in the world wouldn't cure it. She needed new clothes, not for herself, but for her daughter's love and respect. It was all wrong, but Corrie was that kind of a daughter. She didn't know how it had happened. Somewhere along the line, working for just this, she had slipped up on something.

She turned away from Ruthy and the mirror, even smiled as she went back to the dishes. Suddenly it wasn't important for Corrie to be in the play and make a conquest of Jimmy. It didn't matter whether she went to Midgy Martin's slumber party. She wasn't Corrie any longer, she was someone Anna didn't know at all, someone who lived with her and didn't think much of her. The lonely self of Anna shriveled in a hurt that no self-discipline of her past could assuage.

The week end passed. Corrie went to Midgy's, Ruthy stayed with the Tate children, Bert listened to the radio and, because she must do something, Anna went alone to the movies.

CORRIE CAME home for Sunday dinner and brought Midgy with her. Midgy was a rather flamboyant counterpart of Corrie. She, too, wore a camel's hair coat, a sweater and skirt. Hers was bright green, and she, too, had jangling bracelets decorated with charms. But her lipstick was not as carefully done as Corrie's and her hair was bleached to a golden blond. She had lively blue eyes and she spoke with exclamation points. During dinner they kept up an amused chatter about the slumber party.

"Wasn't Dodie marvelous!"  
"I'll take Creepy Fuller myself."  
"Oh no! Impossible!"  
"And the telephone, wasn't that something!"

"Are you going to tell Diane?"

"Definitely not."

Ruthy followed the conversation with

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wide-eyed glances and quick looks at her mother. Bert attempted humor. "Oh, let me tell Diane," he pleaded, "whatever it is." And they laughed uproariously.

Anna listened and wondered. Once she asked, "Who is Creepy Fuller, what did she do?" And Midge said, "She's just a girl. Well, you'd have to know her." And they both laughed again. When the meal was over, they retreated to Corrie's room to study. But presently they emerged, with books under their arm and a casual remark about looking something up in the library.

Ruthy was at the Tates' again, so Anna tackled the dishes alone. It was after four when she finished and went upstairs to lie down. She lay, taut and weary, staring at the ceiling, at the flowered border of the walls, seeing in them a defeating emptiness.

Corrie was empty. Oh, not really, pleaded her heart. Really she is smart, and eager to live and learn, but right now she is reaching for emptiness, mistaking it for something else, thinking it was what she wanted.

Anna locked her hands beneath her head. Or was Corrie right? Was this not emptiness, but carefree happy youth, a thing she hadn't known herself so perhaps didn't recognize? Perhaps this was just the youth pattern, and Corrie was simply taking measurements, simply accepting as her natural right what her mother had struggled to achieve for her, and accepting it gaily. Anna liked that thought, she clung to it, let it tide her over the sandwich and cocoa supper that once again included Midge and the conversation that was more mirthful, meaningless illusions.

She waited until Monday morning to really consider it again. When everyone had gone, when the house was hers alone, and she could sit with a book and an extra cup of coffee, she puzzled over it again. In the store she had dealt with people, she had dealt with them unerringly. There had been girls there, problem girls. She had understood them and made no mistakes. She had made some mistake with her daughter though, she was making a mistake right now by her inaction. But Corrie wasn't a girl in the store. Corrie was her child and, somehow, that changed your thinking.

She heard the letterman drop his mail in the vestibule, and she went, after a moment, to see what was there. One envelope, Huntingdon's Inc., addressed to Mrs. Anna Davison. She smiled pleasantly. Perhaps they wanted her back, perhaps they'd ask once more for her to reconsider. It was nice to be asked, but she didn't want that. There was so much that she wanted to do with this earned leisure, meet people casually, follow some reading courses in the library, some music programs on the radio, have something more substantial than housekeeping to offer her daughters, step up in the world along with them.

She opened the letter and sat staring unbelievably at what she saw. An itemized bill. One evening gown, \$29.95, alteration \$3. One pair matching gloves, \$4.50; one evening coat, \$15. And there were the slips, signed Coryn Davison.

ANNA DID some swift arithmetic. She could pay it. There was that much. She had \$70 tucked away, to guard against the unforeseen, to make sure there would be no bill they could not pay. She closed her eyes. That would leave not



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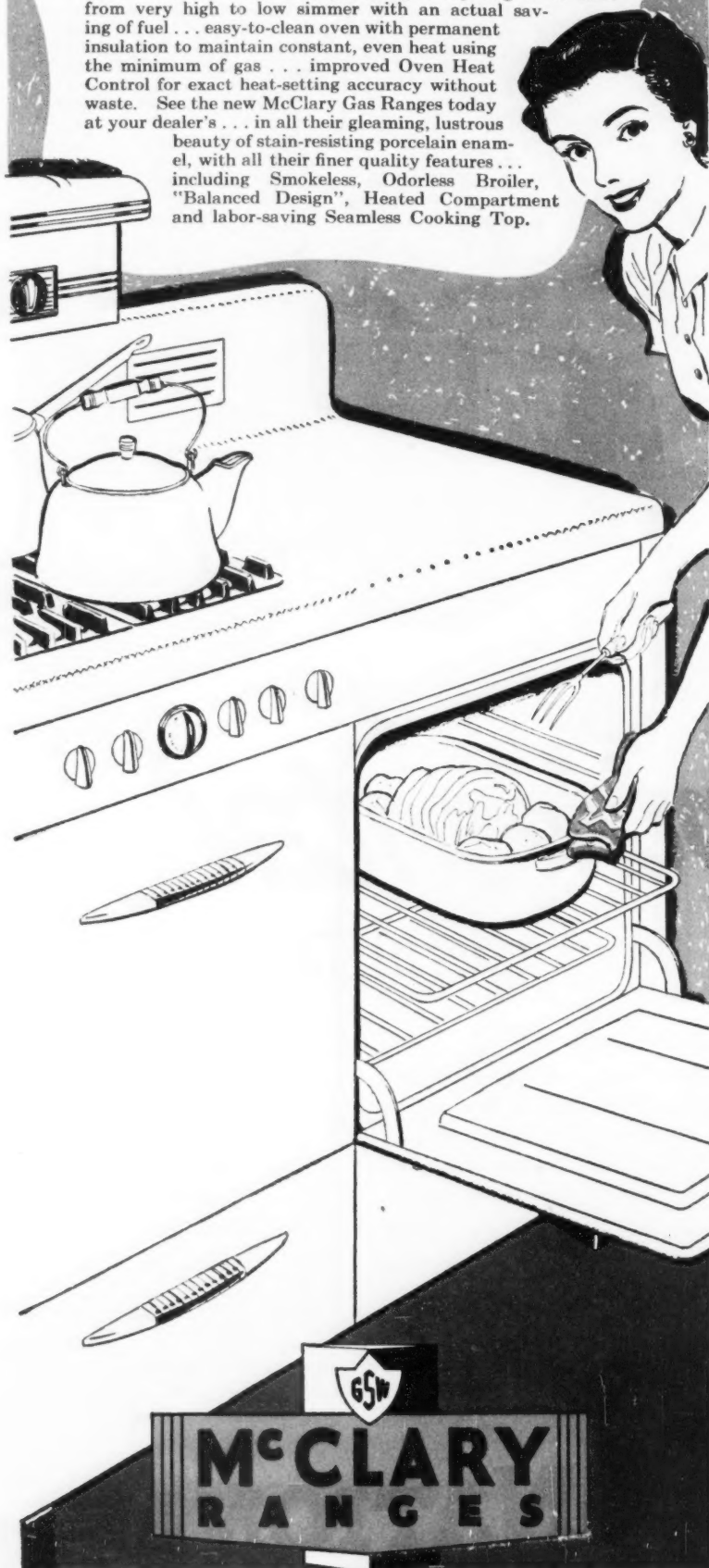
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quite \$20. She shivered. It wasn't enough. She couldn't touch it. She'd have to find another way.

After a long while she rose and went to Corrie's room. There it was, neat as a pin, with the furniture Corrie had painted, blue with pink flowers on the headboard and dresser drawers, the curtains and bedspread she had cut and sewed herself. Anna's eyes misted and her throat ached, but she went to the writing desk, lifted the blotter and found what she expected. The program for the play at Fairlawn High. There it was in mimeographed letters, Elizabeth — Coryn Davison. She left the program lying there. She went on about her work, dragging through the day as though she had to tug each leaden moment out of eternity.

She was in the living room when she heard the girls come home. Corrie had brought Midge again. But, no matter, Midge must know, the dress must be at her house. What excuse had Corrie given, what did Mrs. Martin think? Or didn't she know either? Anna didn't wait. "Corrie," she called, "come here, please."

"Yes." Corrie's voice was pleasant and friendly, so that she hated to go on with this. "Come on, Midge."

"Midge will excuse you, I'm sure," Anna said, "for just a moment."

"Oh, all right. Mind, Midge?"

"I have to go along anyway," Midge said quickly, sensing something.

Corrie came to the doorway. The wind had tossed her gleaming hair and she reached for the inevitable comb and began to comb it, as though the world could wait while she did it. She glanced

at Anna, at the bill in her hand. She met her mother's eyes, unflinchingly, honestly, almost as though Anna had done this and not herself. "Oh, did you get the bill?" she remarked casually. "I told them to send it to me."

"To you?" Anna asked incredulously. "Will you explain this, Corrie?"

"Why," Corrie said patiently, "I had to have a dress for the dance. I had the lead in the play and everyone raised such a hob about my giving it up I decided I'd better be in it. I did very well, incidentally. Mother, don't look like that! You might think I'd committed a crime. Goodness, I had a right to a new dress, when the biggest wheel in Fairlawn High has a crush on me, when actually—" she turned to the mirror again, patted her hair, as though that were more important than the conversation—"actually," she finished, "I can have any man I want there."

"If you're that good," Anna said quietly, "you could have worn your old dress."

"I am that good." Corrie smiled sweetly. "But—Diane Turner has clothes that are out of this world. How do you think I took Jimmy West away from her? I'll take the bill." She held out her hand as though she were taking a dangerous toy from a child. She was actually, Anna thought, doing this nicely.

Anna kept the bill. "How did you expect to pay this?" she asked.

"Midge is lending me the money. Her father gave her cash to buy her dress."

"You are not to borrow money," Anna said swiftly. "I'll pay this." She thought, I'm speaking as though the bill



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CSL 3

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being paid was the most important thing. I'm not saying anything about Corrie herself, I'm just letting her think that it's paying the bill that matters first. I can't think about Corrie, I'm not ready. She's wrong, she's empty, she's... she's my child.

Corrie said kindly, "Okay with me... okay with you."

"Okay!" Anna exclaimed. "You're mistaken. It couldn't be more wrong."

"I know, mother," Corrie said kindly again, and walked off.

ANNA WENT up to her room. She was trembling. There must be countless right things to say to Corrie, but she hadn't found one right thing. She didn't know what it was, or perhaps how to say it, so that it would sound important enough for listening. But there weren't words, she amended, no words that would pierce that patient tolerance that Corrie wore, none that weren't as impotent and helpless as she was herself. She thought of Bert again, but when had she ever turned to Bert? He believed in her, in Corrie... No, this was for loneliness.

On Tuesday morning she took her watch to a pawnbroker. She came out of the shop feeling bemirched. But she had \$75 in her purse and a ticket in her hand. She looked at the ticket before she tore it to bits and sent it flying down the murky street.

She stood on the corner and watched a Fairlawn bus roll heavily to a stop. The doors folded in, the driver looked at her questioning. She just stared at him helplessly, as though it weren't her bus, as though the little house weren't

there, as though it were the home of Corrie Davison, a beautiful young girl whom she might pass on the street.

She had never known panic before, but she knew it now. On a side street she paid her way into a second-rate movie house and she sat there in the darkness, clutching her purse, trying not to see that basement home again, but seeing it just the same. Her mother dying first, and her invalid father lingering nearly three years after that; Joe, her brother, growing handsome, trying to earn money delivering packages after school, a bit here and there, never much because she wouldn't let him leave school. School... she wanted Joe to have school, so he'd have a chance, a real chance at life. So Joe stayed... until the army took him.

Something horrible twisted in Anna's heart. I'm glad, she thought, glad he didn't come out of it to face defeat. That was his chance, his wonderful chance. He loved his uniform, his overcoat, his cap. They looked so well on him. He walked differently, spoke differently, rose in rank to be a lieutenant, to walk ashore on a Normandy beach.

It was the middle of the picture, but Anna rose abruptly and went out into the sunshine. She would pay Huntingdon's bill, she would get another job. She knew the store from the basement up, there was always a job for a woman like herself. Then she would use her money to dress her daughters in the best there was, not just as well as the other girls, but better. She knew clothes, real clothes, and that's what they'd have.

First, she would get rid of her old suit

Continued on page 75

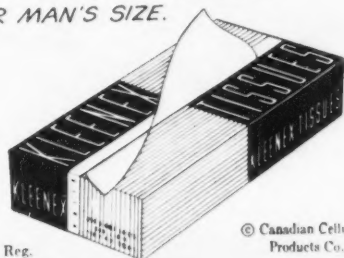
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Continued from page 73

and hat. She went to Bowers' for that. Bowers was a specialty shop. She had a sort of courtesy account there, one that she rarely used. She used it this afternoon. She dressed herself with no thought of price, and the woman who emerged, smooth from top to toe, was dauntless. She crossed the street to Huntingdon's. The clerks who knew her smiled, called out to her, "Good afternoon, Mrs. Davison," and the elevator girl said, "Welcome to our city, I hope you're going to stay."

THEN SHE sat opposite Mr. Blankley in his office. The brittle bravado of her planned speech, "I'm afraid merchandising is in my blood, I'm rather restless at home," was never spoken. Instead, she said honestly, "It's like stepping backward. And the girls want things, I want them to have them," and then, more quietly, "I need money."

"We had a hard time filling your place," Mr. Blankley said. The chain on his rimless glasses swung against his firm pink cheek, his lips pursed thoughtfully. "But we did fill it. Now I'd like you to work with Miss Halstead."

"Buying!" Anna exclaimed.  
"That's right. It was what I wanted for you when you left."

The room swayed about Anna. She managed her acceptance, her departure, and, in the elevator, even a pleased smile that she had kept her dignity.

It was late when she got home. Bert was reading his paper by the radio. "Corrie's just gone out to the kitchen," he said, "to see if she could start supper." He looked right at her, he didn't notice her clothes.

"I haven't started yet," Corrie called crossly. "I didn't have any idea what you'd planned, no note or . . ." She came to the doorway, she stopped in shocked surprise. "Mother!" she exclaimed, "How simply super, how . . ."

Bert put down his paper. "Good-looking rig," he said easily. "Where'd you get that?"

"Bowers!"

"Bowers?" He was surprised, but not concerned. He took it for granted that she could pay for it. She was the sort of person who always could. Ruthy came in from the back door. "Hi," she said.

Anna looked at them. She spoke evenly, coolly, "I've just accepted a very fine position, assistant buyer at Huntingdon's. I'll tell you about it at dinner. Ruthy dear, the table please! Corrie, you can open some soup and warm up the meat and potatoes from last night."

"Okay," said Corrie, her eyes still rapt.

Continued on page 83

### Pattern Descriptions

3168—Dress in sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18. Size 15: 6 3/4 of 35". Price 25c.

3153—Dress in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18. Size 14: 7 3/4 of 35". Ribbon Belt: 3 of 1" width. Price 25c.

2639—Dress in Half Sizes 14 1/2, 16 1/2, 18 1/2, 20 1/2, 22 1/2, 24 1/2. Size 18 1/2: 4 1/2 of 35". Price 25c.

3168—Afternoon Dress with Cummerbund in sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18. Size 15: 5 1/4 of 35". Cummerbund: 3/4 of 35" or 39". Price 25c.

3166—Dress and Detachable Overskirt in sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18. Size 15: 3 of 35". Overskirt: 4 3/4 of 35" lace or organdie; 2 1/2 of 72" net fabric. Price 25c.

3157—Skirt and Blouse in sizes 12-20. Size 16: 5 of 35". Price 25c.

3138—Dress with Cape and Detachable Yoke in sizes 12-20. Size 16, Style 1, Dress: 4 1/4 of 39". even plaid fabric. Style 1, Cape: 1 1/4 of 35" fabric with nap. Style 2, Dress and Cape: 5 1/4 of 35". Price 25c.

Simplicity patterns may be obtained from your local dealer or by mail through the pattern department of Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.

## Are you in the know?



If you were stepping into this taxi, should you sit—

- ☐ Beside the belle ☐ On the opposite side ☐ On your squire's lap

Maybe you've heard that a gentleman's place should always be on the outside. You guess that goes for all occasions. Tain't so, though, in wheelodom. Stepping into this taxi, you should choose the opposite side, so either squire can sit between you wimmin. And when you

step out—to a dance, or wherever—cancel calendar "woes" with Kotex. For Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. Gives dream-cloud softness that holds its shape. And you're at ease from the first rhumba to the goodnight waltz with the special Kotex safety centre.



### How to decide about a Spring suit?

- ☐ Buy it and diet  
☐ Pick a pastel shade  
☐ Take a stroll

You adore the suit! But how about fit? Does the new narrow skirt defy your figure? If in doubt, stroll around the store. Try sitting; then see the mirror. Budget-wise bunnies shun suits too large or small—or delicate shades that "live" at the cleaner's. (Choose checks; navy; any smart medium tone.) Be perfectly suited, too, as to sanitary protection needs. Decide on the right-for-you Kotex absorbency. How? By trying all 3!



★T.M. Reg.

### What's the newest eye-catcher?

- ☐ The nape of her neck  
☐ The dangling earrings  
☐ The hiked hemline

Get you! Echoing your Mom's prom get-ups (almost)! You're during the new "twenties trend". But with that shingle—sister, the nape of your neck's showing. So, when applying makeup base and dazzle-dust, don't stop at the chin line. Give your neck a break—all around. Prom time need never hold problem-time "nightmares"; not if you've chosen Kotex. That's because those flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines!

More women choose  
**KOTEX\*** than all other  
sanitary napkins

"Very Personally Yours", new Free booklet for teenagers. Gives do's and don'ts for difficult days . . . the lowdown on grooming, sports, social contacts. Send your name and address to Canadian Cellulocotton Products Co. Ltd., Dept. CH-3 431 Victoria Avenue, Niagara Falls, Ontario.

**KOTEX IN 3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER**

# With a Honeymoon in Mind



For pattern descriptions and  
details for ordering  
see page 75

FOR DANCING or just looking pretty here's the shortened version of our wedding dress, No. 3168. Make it in polka-dot organdie, sheer organza, nylon or eyelet, and encircle the waist with a bright ribbon cummerbund.

FASHION OF THE '50'S. The bathing suit top joins a reed-slim skirt at the natural waistline. Wear it with a bolero or nipped-in jacket for one occasion and with the filmy overskirt for dancing nights. The overskirt is made with five gores. No. 3166.

THE NEW SPECTATOR DRESS. It's a casual with winning ways. The bodice is tailored to a capital T with top-stitching outlining the cuffs, collar and pockets. The skirt is softly pleated. It's a natural for the new colored belts. No. 3157.

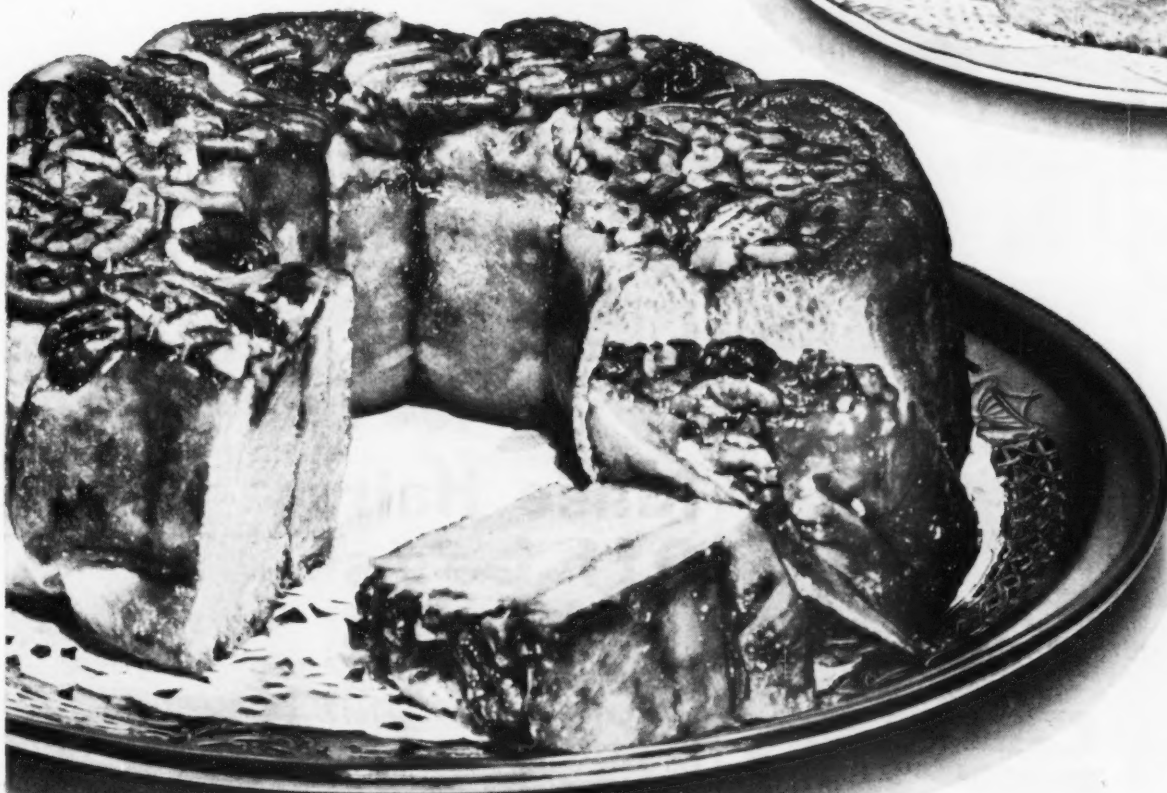
BRIEF TOPPER in a cape adapted from the French. Note the novel button treatment. It's worn over basic dress which comes in two styles. Style one has a detachable yoke and short sleeves. Style two, long sleeves and large patch pockets. No. 3138.



# Let your Baker be your Menu Maker!



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supplies appetizing variety in daily bread—White, Brown, Raisin, Rye, Cracked Wheat, and many others. Baker's bread is one of the cheapest sources of food energy—an important source, too, of protein for muscle building and tissue repair.

*Published by the makers of Fleischmann's Yeast as a contribution to the advancement of national welfare through increased consumption of Canadian wheat products.*

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Here is an established favourite which for many years has been a popular choice in leading furniture and department stores from coast to coast. Suite No. 29 in design is basic Early American — the price is moderate — Dovetailed drawers — dust proof construction. Clear, mellow, hand rubbed, regular maple finish.

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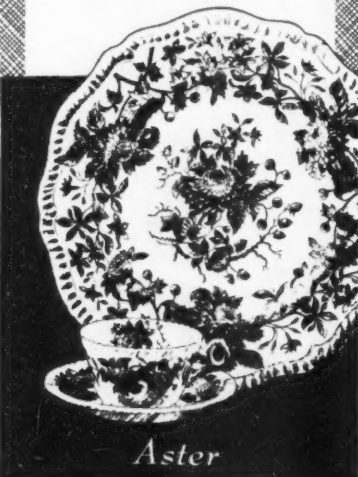
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VE-50-1

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BASEMENT!



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It throws a lovely light—Food warmer lifted straight from the Victorian era fits beautifully in the modern setting. Heat generates from the candle burning within. Brass handle means the food warmer may be carried from room to room, to porch or garden to keep tea, muffins or crumpets nice and hot. A high glaze potters in black, white or lime-green about \$7.50.

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**Kleenoff**

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and leading stores.



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... without rubbing or risk of bristly razor-stubble!

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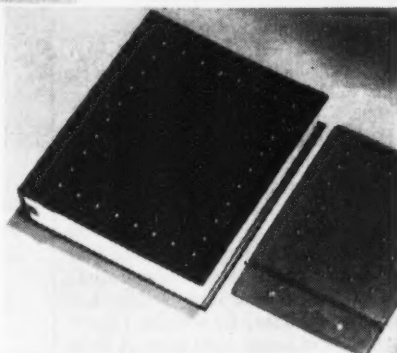
# th Chatelaine

by Wilma Tait



**Flowerpots**—Jardiniere, creamy Italian pottery vividly decorated, makes an attractive container for the heartier flowers: tulips, daisies, asters, zinnias or for a growing plant. Comes in varying sizes from \$2.25 to \$3. For low-growing ivy, cacti and other greens there are new-looking brass troughs 8 or 9 inches long, 4 or 5 wide, price from \$7.25 up.

**Family Albums**—Phone book covers, red, brown or green in real calf are smartly nail-headed in brass. Price about \$6.35. Matching guest books, \$4.25. Album of wedding music, Dick Liebert organ recordings includes the wedding marches, "Because," "I Love Thee," "At Dawning," "I Love You Truly," "O Promise Me," "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms," \$4.15.



**Extras for convenience, for beauty;** floor-piece called "Silent Butler" is a rack to hold suits—especially his. Perfect in light or dark wood for the bedroom at about \$10.95. For entertaining: a trivet of polished birch—a single server \$1.50, double server \$3.50; triple, \$5.65. Individual birch salad

bowls, \$1.15 each. For sandwiches or fruits, a holder in polished aluminum is a large leaf shape with stem handle signed by Bruce Fox. Sizes range from \$12.75 to 19.95. Metal waste baskets, hand painted in soft colors are signed pieces by Frances Martin at \$7.75. All items on these pages at Eaton's.

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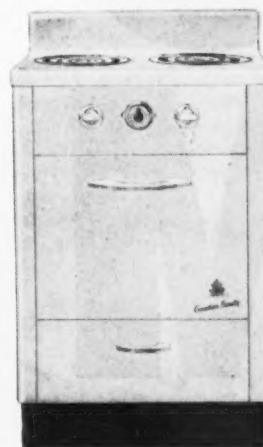
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**CONTROL**

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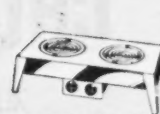
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# CHUMS

## CHUMS

*shoes for children*

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### Broken Engagement

*Continued from page 29*

the door. She wanted to tell her mother and this was a good time. Her mother would understand why she didn't want to hold toolboxes. Her mother had never had to build camp fires or bring water to put them out. Father had always been around. It became increasingly important to build up a case against Andy as she reached the kitchen door.

Then she was there and her feet were glued to the floor. She couldn't move. "Andy!" she cried.

Andy was at the sink with a big pan of soapy dishwater before him and a kitchen apron tied around his neck. He was washing plates with care and slipping them into another pan of hot clear water. The windows were open to a slight cool breeze and the stove was white and innocent. He did not look around, but he knew she was there.

"Grab a towel and get busy with these glasses before they dry. You took your time about getting into your clothes."

Her hands accepted a towel and a glass, but she did nothing with them. Her arms felt wooden. "Where is mother?"

"You mother is lying in the porch swing with a pillow under her head and one at her back. Her shoes are off, too. I had some trouble getting her there, but she'll stay for a while. I don't think she can get up right now. A little arthritis she caught from Aunt Minnie, maybe."

The glass fell and broke. Jeanne was crying. All at once she saw life in reverse like a film turning backward. Her mother—with all that work to do and nobody had helped her; she hadn't asked them to. Only Andy had seen the unfairness, the injustice . . .

He made no effort to comfort her. He twirled the dishcloth around his finger and gave it all his attention.

"Jeanne, do you know how old Marian Deveraux is?"

"I don't know. Who cares?"

"It's rather interesting. Marian is 47 and my guess is that your mother can give her three years. But then your mother has lived like a million other women—up to the time she lay down in that porch swing. She led what is poetically called—a woman's life."

The glint was back in his eyes. It was all he would ever say; if he talked for a year he couldn't say any more. He accused her of nothing. She could make her own choice of living. He merely waited while she came closer, so close that the cloth flicked her on the chin.

"Andy, may I have my ring again?"

He dropped the cloth where it belonged, dried his hands carefully, fished the ring from his pocket and slipped it on her finger. And then he took out the quarters and put one in her hand and the other in his pocket.

"That's the way it will be. Want to be engaged again?"

She nodded, waiting. The ring looked so beautiful and her hand felt whole again. But he picked up the dishcloth.

"Gather up that broken glass. Dishes first and then we'll talk about the house."

He was laughing at her.

"Yes, Andy." ♦

### Baby's Skin



## NEEDS SPECIAL SOAP!

... and Baby's Own is a special soap—made just for baby from the purest and mildest ingredients, including natural Lanolin. It's free from any harsh dyes or perfumes that can chap and roughen baby's delicate skin.

Years of scientific research and strict care in manufacture ensure the uniform purity of Baby's Own—the soap doctors and nurses recommend as safe for your baby.

**MADE FOR EACH OTHER  
BABY'S OWN 3-STEP FORMULA  
AND YOUR BABY**



**Baby's Own**  
SOAP • OIL • POWDER



# Child Health Clinic



## Mealtime Problems

by Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.

**T**HE best time to start an individual on the road to good nutrition is during early childhood. Nowadays babies are introduced to new foods early. Fortunately some of them will eat with enthusiasm anything you put into their mouths. Others are suspicious of new tastes and textures. These need to be handled tactfully and cautiously. Give such a child only small tastes of the new food until he gets used to it. If after several days' trial the child still dislikes the new food, substitute another similar one for it and come back to the first food sometime later. Introduce anything new along with something he knows and likes. As soon as he learns to take the new food well, start on another so that he early learns to accept a good variety. It is better to give foods separately rather than in mixtures so that he becomes acquainted with their individual tastes.

Teach him to drink from a cup as soon as you can. He can probably start to learn when he is 5 to 6 months old. He can begin to learn to hold a short, straight-handled, shallow-bowled spoon when he's 12 to 14 months old. Helping to feed himself increases his interest in eating. When he gets tired you can quite safely assist him without fear of spoiling him. Preschool children usually eat better if they have their meals by themselves, sitting at a low table.

Between the ages of 2 and 4, children grow rather slowly. A three-year-old child eats little more total food than a child of 18 months, although of course he has more variety in his food. Therefore, you will get along better if you make the helpings small and let him have second helpings if he wants them. Many mothers are too concerned over the amount of food their small children

eat. If their youngsters do not eat all they think they should, they try to spoon more into them or nag or bribe them to eat more. This rarely does any good and usually makes matters worse.

### Missing a Meal Won't Hurt

Make a habit of serving your youngster his meals in a calm casual way. Make it clear by your manner that whether he eats or not is his own affair and that it doesn't bother you. This advice is easier to give than to follow, but it has been proved without doubt to be sound. For example, healthy youngsters living in shelters and other institutions nearly always eat well. They know that if they don't take their share, their neighbor probably will! Also, no one is fussing around to see that they do clean their plate. If your youngster does not finish his meal, remove it after 30 minutes without comment and give him nothing to eat but water until his next meal. Do not expect him to be upset as a result. The chances are he will go to sleep and carry on with the rest of his routine as usual. Missing a meal won't hurt him.

Plenty of outdoor play and exercise and sufficient sleep will help his appetite. On some days he will be hungrier than on others, just as you yourself are. For instance, during a hot wave his appetite will probably be below par. In the early stages of a cold or other upset he will not be as hungry as usual. Forcing him to eat under these circumstances may lead to vomiting. By the time the next meal is due, probably the trouble will have declared itself and if it is at all serious you should get advice from your physician.

It is best to allow your child some choice in his foods. If there are one

## Things to Know about



The day when tiny babies were swathed the year 'round with layer after layer of wool and flannel has fortunately disappeared, and as a result, baby is more comfortable and mother is not as overworked. Below is a list of clothes a new baby should start off with, and the simple care they require.



### Essential Wardrobe Items

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 6 long nightgowns (1-year size)  | 3-4 dozen diapers of outing flannel or gauze; (large size). |
| 4 cotton shirts (1-year size.) If house is none too warm, or baby delicate, get long-sleeved shirts made partly of wool. | 3 sweaters or flannelette jackets.                          |
|  | 1 knitted wool cap.   |
|  | 1 sleeping bag.   |

Dainty dresses with lace and embroidery make a baby look pretty but they add to mother's work and sometimes scratch baby's skin. Then too, a baby outgrows them so quickly that the expense is considerable. Your baby's clothes should be changed daily, so it's wise to have them made on simple lines of sturdy, easily washable materials. A mild soap should be used to launder them. They should be thoroughly rinsed, and when possible, dried outdoors in the sunlight. Starch should never be used and many items require no ironing.

For diapers keep two pails handy, one containing plain water and one soapy water. Soak wet diapers in the first and soiled diapers in the second. Before putting soiled diapers to soak, rinse them by flushing in the toilet bowl. After soaking, wash diapers in mild soapsuds, rinse three times or more until water is clear, and then sterilize them by boiling.

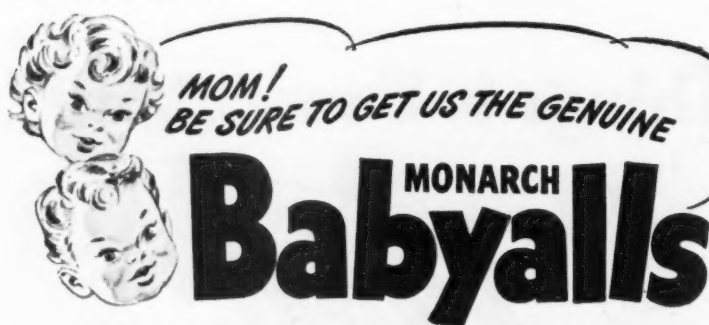
While clean, practical clothing adds much to baby's comfort and well-being, food is a more important consideration. So much of his health and happiness depends on proper nourishment . . . the type of wholesome, healthful nourishment and downright goodness Heinz Baby Foods provide. When baby is about four months old, doctor probably will approve the addition of these foods to his menu. Among the 26 varieties of Heinz Strained Baby Foods, you'll find soups, vegetables, desserts, and meat products. And when your doctor advises coarser-textured food, the 17 varieties of Heinz Junior Foods will be ready for you. Heinz Foods for infants are cooked and vacuum-packed to retain minerals and other nutrients in high degree.



Look for the complete line of Heinz Baby Foods (Blue Label), Heinz Junior Foods (Red Label), and Heinz Pre-Cooked Cereals at the sign of the Heinz Baby when you are shopping.

## Heinz Baby Foods

HEADQUARTERS for all BABY FOODS



**THE ONLY BABY'S GARMENT APPROVED  
BY DOCTORS AND NURSES COAST TO COAST**

**MONARCH  
BABYALLS  
MAKE DIAPER  
CHANGING EASY!**

**NO BUTTONS  
TO BREAK!  
NO HOOKS  
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**MONARCH  
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FIT BY WEIGHT—  
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### **MONARCH Babyalls ADVANTAGES**

1. Babyalls—the original quick-change garment! Dome fasteners on inside leg seams make changing easy, you just "unsnap, change and snap!"
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4. Babyalls' "12-test" fabrics are guaranteed not to shrink, fade or discolour your wash!
5. Babyalls come in beautiful pastel shades of long-wearing cotton gabardine, poplins, corduroys and world-famous Viyella flannel.

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and get **GENUINE BABYALLS**

Beware of substitutes: Refuse to accept any children's garment as "Babyalls" or "Playalls" unless the MONARCH label appears on the garment or on the sanitary Cellophane package. Remember—only MONARCH Babyalls and MONARCH Playalls have been approved by Doctors and Nurses from coast to coast . . . only MONARCH—the largest maker of scientific children's play garments and sportswear in Canada—makes BABYALLS and PLAYALLS!

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**MONARCH PLAYWEAR DIVISION**  
Also makers of famous Monarch "Skippy Playtogs"

327 Cumberland Ave., Winnipeg

or two foods that he apparently does not like, omit them and give him a good substitute. However, don't discuss his dislikes with him. Don't be too rigid. If he doesn't fancy rolled oats, give him another whole-grain cereal or back bacon and egg or whole-wheat bread and cheese, or something else equivalent. In fact you can often give him a choice of several suitable foods. If he chooses one, he'll be almost sure to eat it. If he helps to prepare or serve it, he will often enjoy it more.

You can flavor or color milk or use it in cooking if your child doesn't seem to like it much straight. For example, it can be used instead of water for cooking his cereal. Also, you remember that it's good enough if your preschool child takes only a pint of milk altogether per day.

It is also important for parents to set their children good examples in eating. For instance, you can't expect your youngster to eat rolled oats if you don't. You will get along better if you are patient, ingenious and not too deadly in earnest. A healthy young animal is hungry and eats its food. A child is no exception to this rule.

### **Between-Meal Snacks**

This is one of the problems that all mothers have to face. You'd be wise to keep two points in mind. First, see that the food your youngster eats doesn't interfere with his appetite for his next meal. Therefore it should not be given within an hour or so of his regular mealtime. Second, the between-meal snack ought to make a real addition to his daily diet. Foods such as candies or soft drinks are doubly objectionable—in that they add nothing but sugar or calories and they take the edge off his appetite for his next good meal. Besides they do increase your child's chances of developing holes in his teeth.

When a preschool youngster wakes up from his nap or when a school child gets home in the afternoon, he often feels like a little something to eat. What will you give him? Fresh raw fruit (washed of course), such as apples, pears, peaches, plums, grapes, oranges or bananas, is always good and usually popular. Failing these, a few dried dates, figs or raisins can serve as substitutes. Raw carrot sticks are another alternative or a drink of canned citrus fruit juice. Provided supper or dinner is not too early and the child is a hearty eater, a glass of milk with some bread and butter and cheese or peanut butter are quite in order. This usually is too generous a snack for a small preschooler. Plain, not too sweet, biscuits can be substituted for the bread.

How about bedtime snacks? The younger child, who should go to bed at an early hour, doesn't need, and usually doesn't want, anything at bedtime. Older children often are ready for some milk or fruit juice and some bread and butter. Encourage them to use one of the better spreads that we have mentioned above. Cakes, cookies and doughnuts are not only dearer but also less valuable foods. Youngsters should be taught to brush their teeth carefully before turning in. Sweet or starchy food particles clinging to the teeth provide the most favorable food for the growth of the harmful acid-forming mouth germs. Therefore they should be removed by brushing, especially at bedtime. +

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Best for Mother . . . makes sterilizing easy, safe . . . no breakage from heat or cold.

Best for Baby . . . PYREX Nursing Bottles are non-roll, shaped to let baby hold on for himself.

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Replacement guaranteed if broken by temperature shock within 2 years from date of purchase.

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Nipple, Bottle, Cap All-in-One  
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Doctors recommend Evenflo because its air-valve nipple provides smooth nursing which helps babies finish their bottles better. Mothers like Evenflo Nurers because they are handier to use at home or while visiting.

Nipple down Bottle sealed

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Ex-Lax is one laxative that avoids extremes. It works gently and effectively at the same time. In other words, Ex-Lax is

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The Chocolate Laxative  
Still only 15¢ and 35¢.





ANOUK

Young People, It Turns Out  
Have Young Ideas



On a major issue, the public of the films is clearly split. Younger and newer entertainment-seekers want new and younger stars. Established picturegoers are strong for new ideas but for old favorites.

★ ★ ★

Out of Tunisia via London comes an outdoor melodrama, *GOLDEN SALAMANDER*, with a neat answer to this problem if it is a problem. It has that top favorite and top actor, Trevor Howard, co-starred with a teen-age discovery, Anouk, described by Monica Mugan in "Photoplay" as "completely French, completely captivating"

★ ★ ★

New ideas—new ideas in comedy, that is—are responsible for a current Canadian box-office race which, starting back in January, now verges on the fantastic.

★ ★ ★

After *PASSPORT TO PIMLICO* which launched the trend, four smooth and highly original dramas of great laughter have altered the whole present picture of the motion picture business. These are: *TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND*, *CHILTERN HUNDREDS*, *KIND HEARTS* and *CORONETS*, and *A RUN FOR YOUR MONEY*

★ ★ ★

What may have looked like Scotland Yard's biggest raid was merely a case of London's sleuths going to the cinema like everybody else. The picture was *THE BLUE LAMP*, a very solid murder melodrama, produced with police aid including facts from secret files. A startling departure—the hero is the cop on the beat.

★ ★ ★

This must be the month for melodrama. *TRAIN OF EVENTS*, with a non-stop timetable of excitement, has a Liverpool express crash climax.

To be sure you see these J. Arthur Rank films,  
ask for the playdates at your local Theatre

An  Release

## The Stranger

Continued from page 75

"Mother shouldn't have to touch a thing in this house," Bert said with sudden authority.

"But, Mommy," Ruthy said, "I've saved \$4. Do I have to stop? At Tate's."

"No, of course not," Anna said. She looked from one daughter to another, and neither spoke. "I'll go over our finances with you both after dinner. I'll work out a percentage allowance for clothes for each of you. Corrie, you can count on that and not a penny over."

Corrie's eyes rested on her in a sort of wonder as she went out of the room, on up the stairs. Her head felt light and queer as she opened the door of her room. She took off the new hat and set it carefully on the closet shelf. Why had she spoken like that, another of her futile speeches? She took down her gingham housedress, but she paused with her hand on the zipper fastening of the skirt. She was right, that was Corrie's step. The door opened and Corrie stood there.

"I'LL PAY for the dress and things out of my first allowance," she managed.

"All right," Anna said carefully.

"And I'm sorry," Corrie added. She scraped a slim foot across the carpet.

Anna looked at her, head still bent over the bureau top. The light shone on her glorious hair and twinkled on the jeweled frat pin that she wore on her sweater. College boys next year, proms.

"Yes, you did need the dress, Corrie," she said suddenly. "It's all right."

"You mean I needed to be assured..."

"Perhaps all girls need that."

Corrie looked up then. Her eyes were glistening. "Oh, mother, don't go back to work if you're tired. I mean, on account of me. It's all right, I'll mind kids, I'll do anything. I wasn't nice. I didn't realize it, how right you were. Not until tonight, when you came in and told us about the job. You looked... so... so out of this world."

For half a moment they stared at each other in mutual surprise, Corrie young and bewildered and surprisingly more lovely, Anna with a slowly dawning knowledge. This was it. This was the mother Corrie knew, the successful career woman, smart in her sophisticated clothes. That was the only mother Corrie had ever known, and she represented security and strength, and, yes, the good things of life. The other woman, the one in the old suit or the gingham dress, scrimping and saving to make ends meet, was an apologetic, shabby woman, was just someone who didn't know what it was all about. It wasn't Corrie's fault. She, Corrie's mother, had stopped with her job half done.

Suddenly she knew where she was going, and she wasn't tired any more.

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you're not asleep yet?*



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**MOM:** Little did I know, lamb! Why didn't you mention the miserable chafes and prickles that go with being a baby?

**BABY:** I tried, Mom — and you thought I was howling for attention. You had to learn for yourself that babies need Johnson's Baby Oil and Johnson's Baby Powder!

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# Chatelaine

## for April, 1950

VOLUME 23

NUMBER 4

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(Cover by Al Brule)

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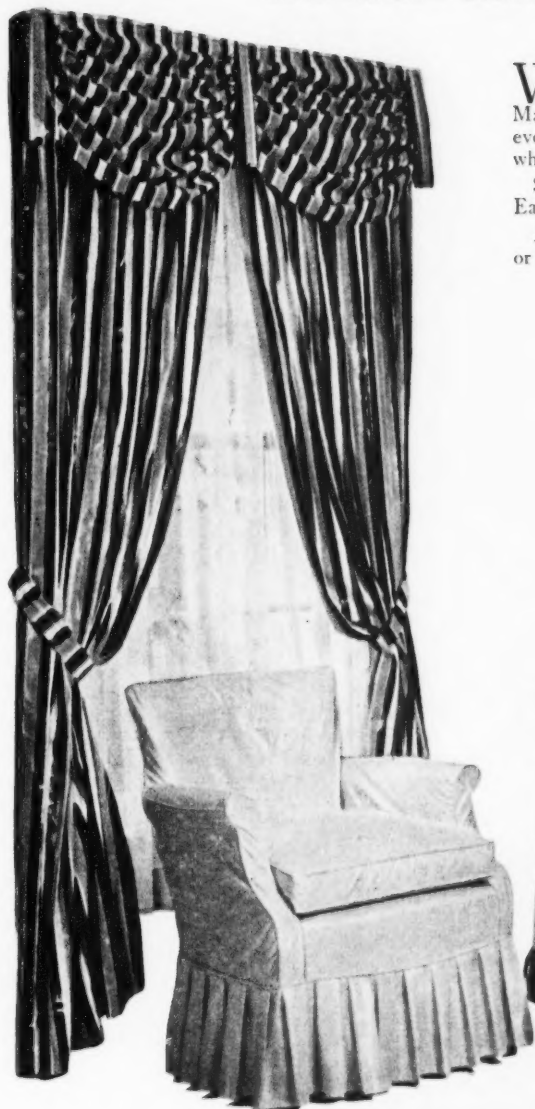
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Printed and published by MACLEAN-HUNTER PUBLISHING COMPANY LTD., 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Canada. JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN, Founder and Chairman; HORACE T. HUNTER, President; FLOYD S. CHALMERS, Executive Vice-President; THOMAS H. HOWSE, Vice-President and Comptroller. EUROPEAN OFFICE: Maclean-Hunter Limited, Sun Life of Canada Building, Trafalgar Square, LONDON, S.W.1. Telephone Whitehall 6643; Telegraph, Atabek, London. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE—In Canada, 1 year \$1.50, 2 years \$2.50, 3 years \$3.00, 75 issues \$3.00; all other parts of the British Empire \$2.00 per year; United States and Possessions, Mexico, Central and South America and Spain, \$2.50 per year; all other countries \$1.50 per year. Single copies 15c. Copyright 1950 by Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company Limited. The characters and names in fiction stories in Chatelaine are imaginary and have no reference to living persons. Manuscripts submitted to Chatelaine must be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publishers will exercise every care in handling material submitted, but will not be responsible for loss. Chatelaine is fully protected by copyright and its contents may not be reprinted without permission. Authorized as Second-Class Mail, P.O. Department, Ottawa.



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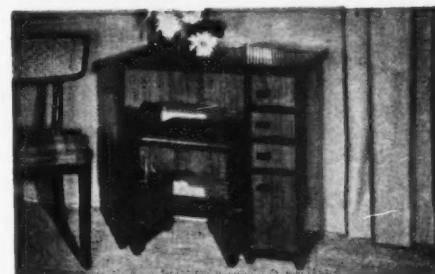
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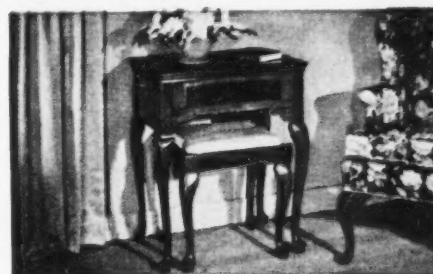
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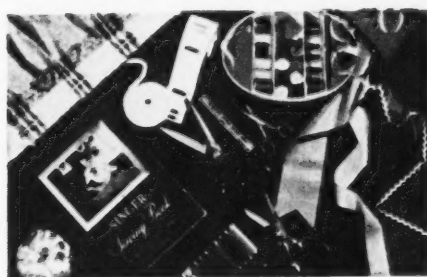
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